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The Booster

Published by

The Senior Class

Of the

Spencerville High School

Spencerville, Indiana

1918

Три вдовы

Антология

Для детей среднего и старшего школьного возраста

Составитель-редактор Александр Пётр

1918

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Archives

The Booster

Published by

The Senior Class

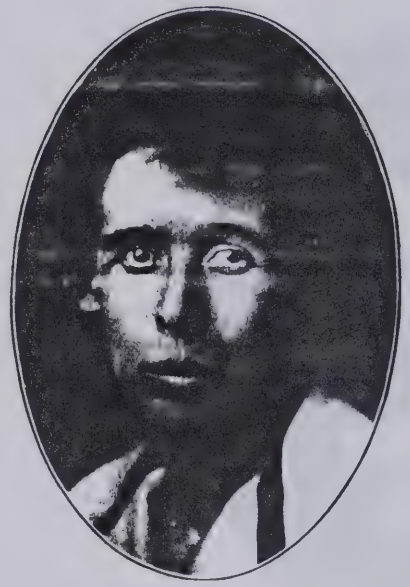
of the

Spencerville High School

1918

Spencerville, Indiana

TO MISS THORNBURGH, OUR BELOVED SUPERINTENDENT, WHO HAS SAFELY GUIDED US THROUGH THE FOUR YEARS OF HIGH SCHOOL LIFE, WE GRATEFULLY DEDICATE THIS BOOK.



BERTHA M. THORNBURGH
Superintendent

Indiana University
University of Colorado

FRANK KRYDER
Principal
Indiana University

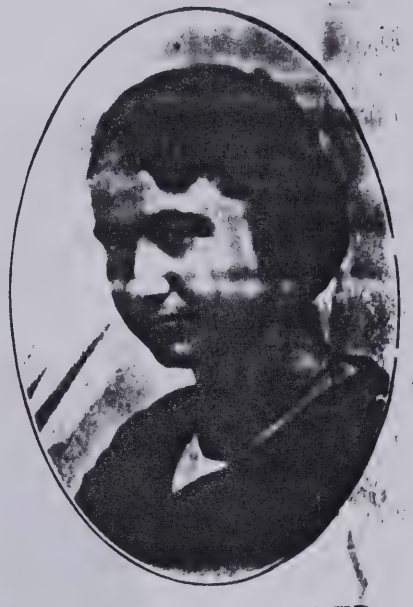
HAZEL M. STROUT
Assistant Principal
Indiana University

IDA REED
Grammar Room

H. S. English
Tri-State College

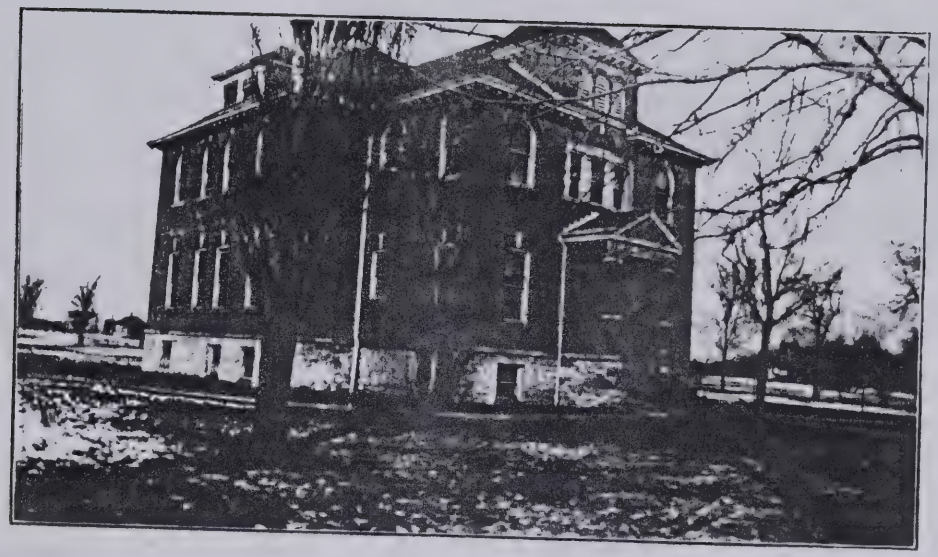
WALTER MEANS
Intermediate

Tri-State College

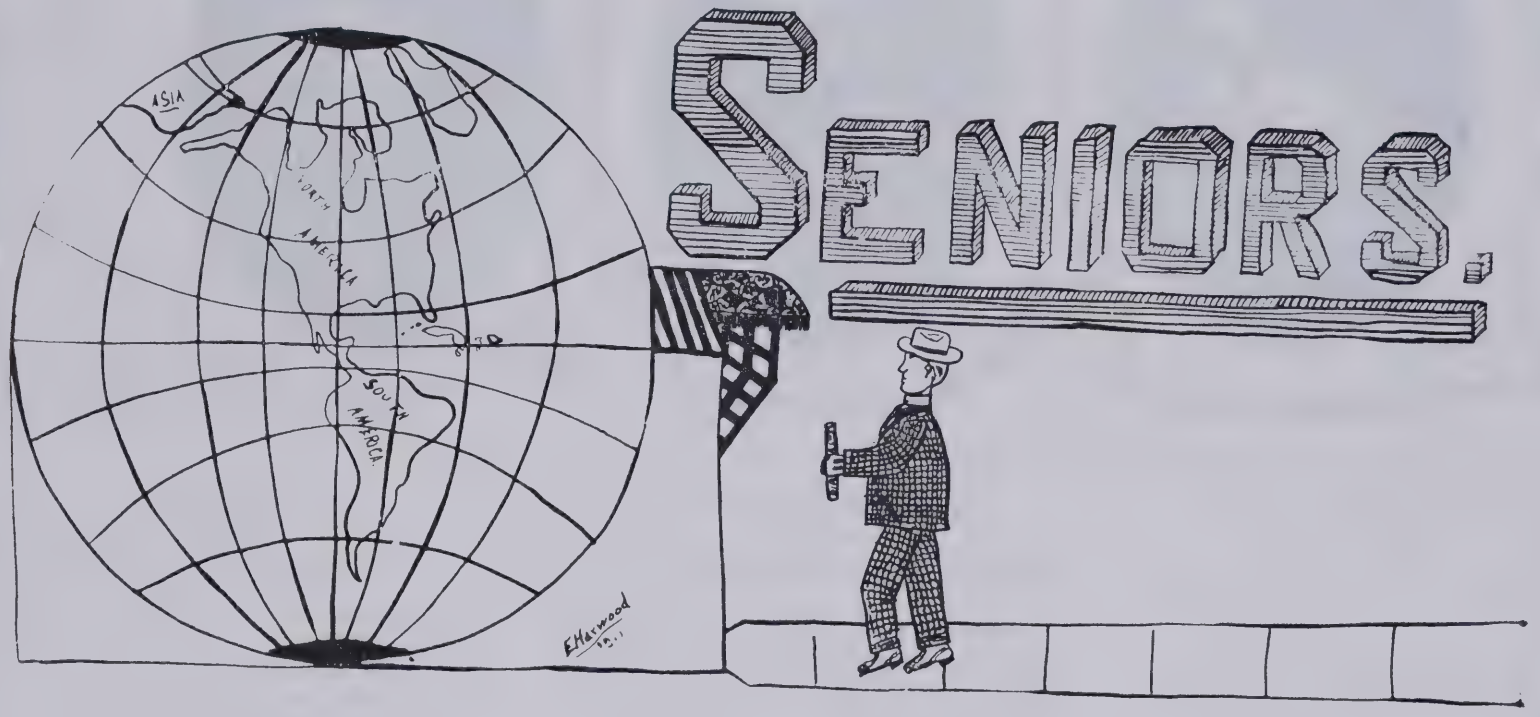


CHARLOTTE MILLER
Primary

Tri-State College
Mrs. Blaker's Training School



HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING


SENIORS.
ASIA
NORTH AMERICA
SOUTH AMERICA
E. Harwood '31

DALE SHULL
"Mandy"
President of the Senior Class

"A woman whose word is as good as her bond."

What finer thing can we say about Dale than that she is entirely "dependable." Nobody ever knew Dale to fail in accomplishing anything that was entrusted to her. She has for four years been a faithful, conscientious student. Her cheerfulness and utter trustworthiness have won for her many friends in S. H. S.

HARRY H. HIRSCH
"Shylock"

"And beneath that smile, a heart of purest gold."

In September, 1915, Harry arrived, "a stranger in a strange land." He came from a Cleveland (Ohio) High School. He has been a good student, and has put his shoulder to the wheel in all school activities. As business manager of "The Booster" he has steered the boat to a safe port. He played the part of "Galliger" in the High School play. To be brief, we are glad "Shylock" came to Spencerville.

GLADIS WATSON
"Mary"

"Her highest ambition was to be a friend."

Gladis' claim to distinction lies in the line of art, for she has within her the appreciation of the beautiful. As art editor of the "Booster" she has done good work. Her ability to do things has won a place for her in the hearts of the members of S. H. S. As "Mary the Housemaid" in "Galliger," Gladis proved that she might be a success as an actress as well as an artist.

ENGLISH CLASS OF 1918

Dale Shull — Goldy Hull
Harry H. Hirsch — Walter Silberg
Gladis Watson — Delphia Coburn

OFFICERS

President - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Dale Shull
Vice President - - - - - - - - - - - Delphia Coburn
Secretary Treasurer - - - - - - - - - - Goldy Hull

MOTTO — "Be equal to your trust."

FLOWER — Red Rose.

COLORS — Cardinal Red and Steel Gray.

YELL

Retah! Retah! Retah! Rah!
Puckeroo de furoo, de Cah! Cah!
Ramsey, Cransy, de Chaneen,
Up and at 'em, old '18.

~~GOLDIE~~ HULL
"Dode"

"To be, rather than to seem."

Goldie has never burdened us with her much talking; she seems to be content to be seen and not heard. But while never self-assertive she has a thoroughly lovable disposition. She has been a good student and ranks as an A No. 1 Senior. She has been an efficient Calendar Editor of "The Booster."

WALTER SILBERG
"Mike"

"The more he knew, the less he spoke."

Walter's strong point is athletics. He has made good in both basket-ball and base-ball. He is the circulation manager of "The Booster," and as such, has done much toward making it a success. Walter has ambitions as a farmer, and we wish him good luck as a wielder of the spade and the hoe.

DELPHIA COBURN
"Hulda"

"Young man, my name is Snitters—S-n-i-t-t-e-r-s"

To begin with, Delphia is a first class student, but at the same time she never lets her studies interfere with her high school education. She is always ready for a good time. As Mrs. Snitters in "Galliger," Delphia was a success.

THE WORDS OF THE ORACLE

The train slowly came to a stop in a bustling little western town. An anxious and expectant throng of people watched the passengers as they poured from the train. As a young man in the early thirties stepped to the platform, a great shout arose, and was caught up by the people that crowded the streets. As a candidate for public office, he sought to win the favor and influence of these big-hearted western people.

That night, in the course of his speech, he "boomed" the candidate for the local election, as he said, "I need not vouch for the integrity and honesty of Mr. Silberg, your candidate for Congress. You know this man far better than I; for the past ten years he has lived among you with unblemished character."

The speaker was told of the enthusiasm that had swept over the rural community since the coming of the new teacher; of how many of the farmers who had hitherto seen no interest in education were now demanding more and better equipped schools. The speaker decided to visit this enterprising district. He entered the school building about noon, and there, gathered about the teacher's desk were the majority of the pupils, many of whom were strong, stalwart young men. Soon the teacher came into the hall to ring the bell which "tolls the knell of ceasing play." The visitor very readily saw the reason for the sudden great increase in the educational enthusiasm of the community, for the teacher was none other than Miss Dale Shull, a rising young educator from Indiana. It seemed to be a sort of matrimonial agency, for they seemed to be paying more attention to the teacher than to acquiring an education.

Stopping in New Orleans as he toured the south on his return trip, this eminent statesman was asked for a portrait that it might adorn the city hall. Upon asking for the best artist of which the city could boast, he was referred to a certain young lady of great talent. He entered the art building and found his way to office No. 102, upon the glass of whose door was inscribed in gilt letters the words, "Art Studio of Miss Gladis Watson."

On his second tour through the middle states he was delayed while on his way from Toledo to Fort Wayne. He knew that he must reach Fort Wayne in time for his engagement that night. He sought to hire an automobile, but on finding the garages closed, he was sent to the home of the owner of one of the two the town boasted. Upon reaching the home of the garage proprietor, he was admitted by a sweet little woman whom we would immediately recognize as our old friend, Goldie Hull. Upon being told the mission of the gentleman, she informed him that her husband would be in in a minute, and going to the rear door, called, "George! Oh, George! Come in! There's a gentleman here to see you." She had remained loyal to sweetheart and waited patiently until her conquering hero came from the war, and offered to be her meal ticket for the rest of life.

Misfortune seemed to be following hard upon the heels gentleman, for when they had reached the outskirts of Fo they had a "blow-out" and not an extra tire along. Not wish waste time the gentleman quickly ran into the nearest inquire whether he could get an automobile there. He w the door by a man named Schaeffer, who seemed to have h full taking care of half a dozen youngsters. He informed th that his wife had taken the flivver and gone to deliver an addres on Woman's Suffrage to the very audience who had gathered hear this gentleman.

Our eminent speaker finally reached the Majestic Theatre. As he entered he saw a woman on the stage wildly gesticulating and cry aloud her time-honored arguments for suffrage. His suspicions verified when he saw that the speaker was the same one who so had vociferously voiced her opinion (and who had made such an i Mrs. Snitters)—formerly Miss Delphia Coburn of Coburntown.

Before the thunder of applause which greeted her had hard died away, from the rear of the platform a dark, lean-faced figu arose and slouched forward. A murmur of curiosity mingled amusement ran through the audience. The uncouth figure was in garments worn threadbare and shining; the trousers bagged at the knees; the shoes were guiltless of polish and gray with the dust of the street; the coat was unbrushed and the collar showed a line yellow dirt at the top. The figure seemed to be one upon whom the cloud of caring for nothing had fallen. But as he began to sp the crowd leaned forward to listen, and were caught wit admirati of the deep-toned voice, the clear-cut words, and the simple, strai forward eloquence that fell from the speaker's lips. There was som thing strangely familiar in the face, the sound of the voice. little vein of sarcasm that ran like an undercurrent through the w speech, and the evident delight in an argument with which the spe had begun. Strangely familiar, too, was the indifferent shrug of shoulders as the man left the platform, unheeding the applause of the fickle crowd. He made his way from the theatre and walked along the streets that led away from the well-lighted district, through narrow and ill-kept back street, and at last ascended a dark and rickety stairway. As he entered the door at the last landing, we read by the dim light the name inscribed upon the door — "H. H. Hirsch Attorney-at-Law."

LAST-WILL-AND-TESTAMENT

The last will of us, the Senior Class, of the Spencerville High School, in the town of Spencerville, county of DeKalb, and state of Indiana, realizing the uncertainty of this life, and being of feeble health, but of sound mind and memory (tho this is questioned by the faculty) at the time of making and publishing this our last will and testament, we give and devise all our deviltry, our own and our predecessors', whereof we may pass out seized or possessed, to the scholars of said High School, that are, and are to be.

To have and to hold the same to themselves, their heirs and ...gns forever, on the uses and trusts following, namely:

In trust to pay due honor to our memory.

Secondly, that two thirds of said deviltry be given to the Juniors ...t they may with ease be able to capture the faculty's goat.

Thirdly, that the remaining third be given to the Sophomores, ...they may aid the Juniors in taking our place as the faculty's ...ente... and in becoming the thorn in the side of the said faculty, ...he Freshmen not needing any of said deviltry,—they having consid...rable more of their own.

Fourthly, that they are to follow in our path and to hand these ...stances down so that in the ensuing year and in the years to come, ... may well be able to form a problem for the faculty to solve so ...nat we may in a measure pay the said faculty in their own coin.

Fifthly, to Leone and Alien we bequeath all of Delphia's plow...nts, shovels and cultivators, etc., so that they, in addition to their ...own, may be able to do liberty gardening.

Sixthly, to Lanky we will all our buck and cross-cut saws so that ...fuel situation may forever be solved.

Seventhly, to Lola Beam we bequeath all our hair tonic so that ... may get a little Beard.

Eighthly, to Roy we will all our rawness, especially that concern... pork.

Ninthly, to Jean we bestow the privilege of rocking Lanky's cradle ... of taking him for his regular noonday walks.

Tenthly, to Mary Tyndall we will all our knowledge and wisdom so that she may be filled, since she is still empty (M.T.).

Eleventhly, to Hank Beams we bequeath all our inquisitive and ...ratorical ability, also our blowing apparatus.

Twelfthly, to the Sophomores we will all our ponies (that is, what ...s left of them). This we make hereditary, so that future generations ...ay not be deprived of the privilege and honor of using said heirlooms.

Thirteenthly, to Eva we will all our powder and paint that she may be able to keep up appearances.

Fourteenthly, to Fannie we will all our timidity, with our sincere request that she make good use of the same.

Fifteenthly, to Miss Strout, all our sourness, daggers, shrapnels and shells so that she will have plenty of supplies on hand for future victims to whom we also give our condolence and sympathies.

Sixteenthly, to Edwin we will Gladis' artistic ability.

Seventeenthly, to Lola we bequeath all our love letters so that she may have plenty of examples.

Eighteenthly, to Harold we bequeath all our ability in making excuses on the spur of the moment.

Nineteenthly, to Clarence Widdifield we donate all our screeching powers, that he may be able to make himself heard above the general din.

Twentiethly, to Kryder we will all our books so that he will not need to borrow any more.

Twenty-firstly, to Lanky we will our long strides, big feet and 7⅝ hat.

Twenty-secondly, to Margaret Lake and Laura Goings we will Dode's stature so that they need not have the doors heightened.

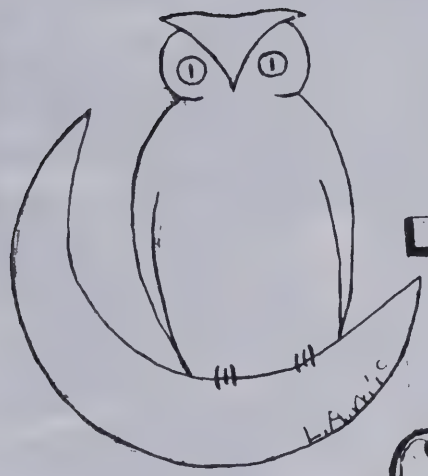
Twenty-thirdly, to Eva we will all the Manual Training tools so that she can some day become a Carpenter.

Twenty-fourthly, to Lucile we will all our flour and cornstarch.

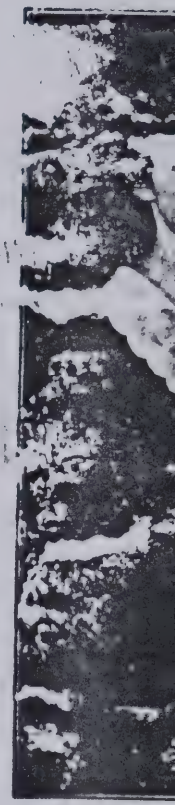
Twenty-fifthly, to Karl T. we will all our spare moments so that he may find time to get his lessons, also our bluffing ailithy, so he may "get by."

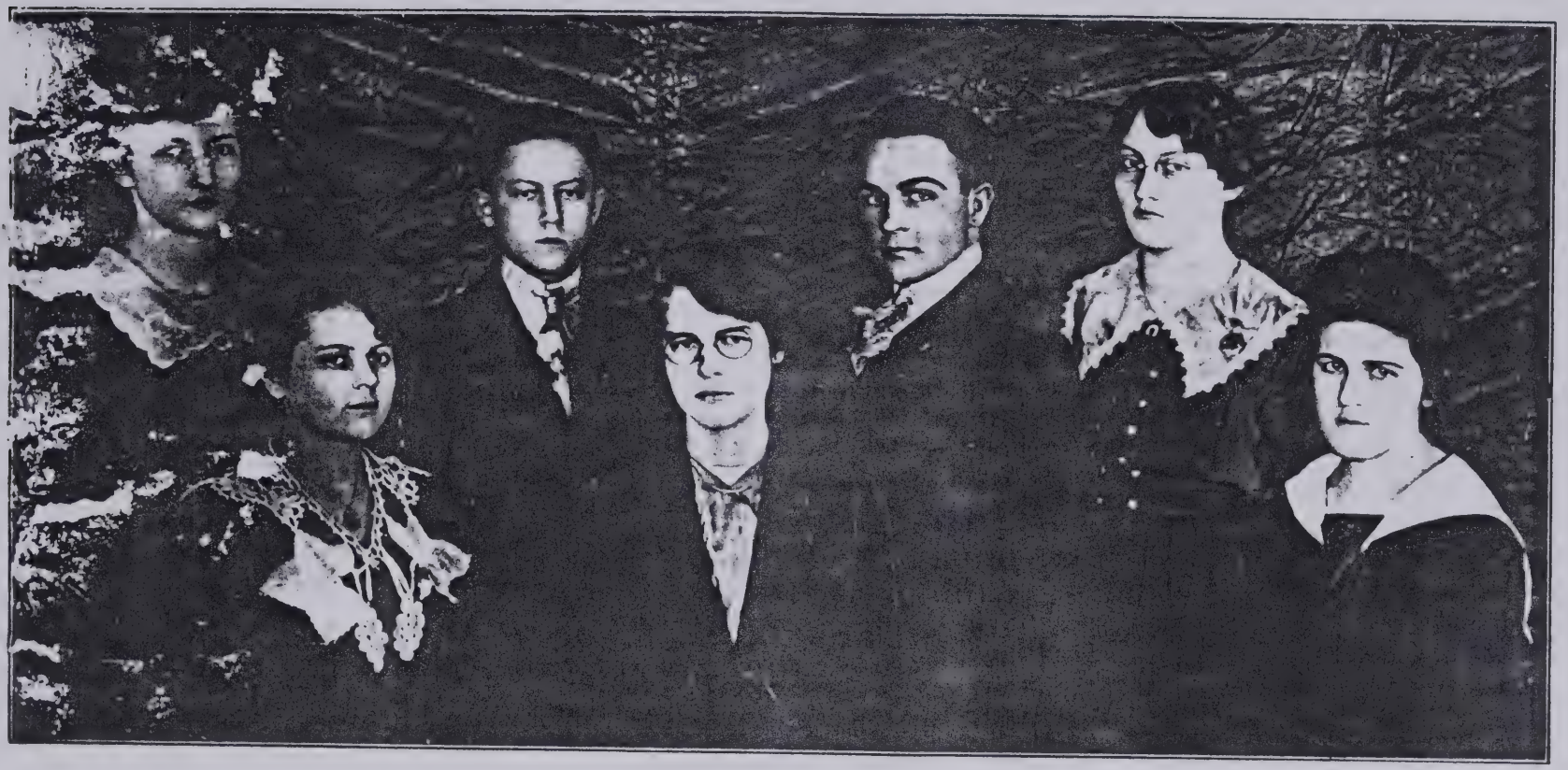
Twenty-sixthly, to Clarence we will all our collars, so that he may wear one once in a while.

In conclusion, we are sorry to announce that we are unable to follow the custom of willing the cradle to the Freshmen, as Lanky is still in great need of it.



Juniors





THE JUNIOR CLASS

JUNIOR HISTORY

(JEAN MUMMA, '19)

When we started in high school as Freshmen, there were just thirteen of us. We were very much bewildered with the laws laid down in Latin, and also with the puzzling a's and b's of algebra. But we soon became accustomed to the tasks before us, and got along fine. Near the close of the year Grace Cook, one member of the class, dropped out.

The next year twelve of the class were back in school. Harry Hirsch was soon adopted by the Juniors because of his superior knowledge. A little later in the term Joe Beerbower and Della Goings left us. We lost one of our classmates, Karl R. Ferrell, [illegible] There were only eight of the original number left to complete the Sophomore year.

This year we were all back, eager to work again very anxious to be able to keep our full number throughout the year, but at the close of the term Paul Houghton had to give up [illegible] schooling. However, he is taking outside work to make up his credits. Although "we are only seven," with "Excelsior" as our motto, we are striving always higher, and hope we may all come back next year as Seniors to spend the last year with our dear old S. H. S.

Class Roll

Leone Widdifield — Delphia Beam
Eva Watt — Lola Beam
Harold Miller — Roy Bowser
Jean Mumma

President - - - Jean Mumma
Secretary-Treasurer - Harold Miller

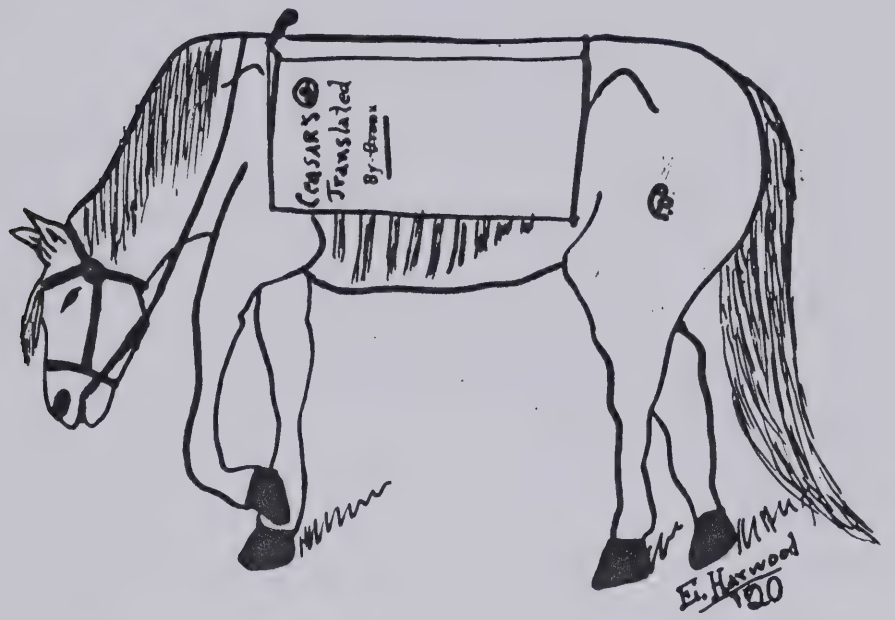
Motto—"Excelsior."

Colors—Crimson and Cream.

Flower—American Beauty.

Yell—"Excel, excel,
We do excel,
Altus et altior,
Excelsior!"

SOPHO



MORES

(No copy furnished for Sophomore History.)

A TRIBUTE

S. has been very fortunate in having had the services of ornburgh. She has been with us for the past five years, having as principal the first two and as superintendent the last three s of her stay. She has, during that time, given entire satisfaction. has been untiring in her efforts for S. H. S., nor does her work end the day. It is very seldom that she is seen to leave the H. S. ding before six o'clock in the evening. We are not exaggerating stretching the fact whatever when we say that she has not irpassed in S. H. S. A better teacher than Miss Thornburgh uld not ask for. The only request that we could or would make that we may have more like her.

The greatest progress S. H. S. has made has been under the ection of Miss Thornburgh. We have bought a piano and paid for y giving socials, entertainments, minstrels and plays. All of these e been grand successes and have been directed by Miss Thornburgh. 1916. "The Herald," this year called "The Booster," was brought o existence and in spite of the small support it received, it has so far weathered the storms. At least a part of every patriotic work that has come along has been assigned to the high school under the care of Miss Thornburgh. Nor is this all. When Miss Strout resigned, she took upon her shoulders the burdens of two teachers and although greatly handicapped, she kept the machinery of the school running in just as smooth order as it had before. She has been a friend to the pupils as well as a teacher. Not only has she the interest of the school at heart, but that of the entire community, for this as well as the school has been benefited by the services of Miss Thornburgh. We have tried to show our appreciation, but it seems that ingratitude showed instead in its place. The least we could do and have done was to dedicate this annual to her, and let us all help to support this in buying and selling these annuals so that Miss Thornburgh will not be forced to dig up another play in order to defray the expenses of this book.

And now, "Hats Off," to Miss Thornburgh, and give her "three cheers and a tiger."

(The matter on this and the three following pages was misplaced in the hurry of printing the annual. The tribute to Miss Thornburgh should have appeared on page Two, the Sophomore History on page Eighteen and the Freshman poem on page Twenty-two. Please accept apologies of the printer.)

SOPHOMORE HISTORY

(GAYLON MARKLE, '20)

Among the number of students entering the High School at the beginning of the school year 1916-17 were twenty-one who were to be known during that term as "Freshmen." Although they were the laughing stock of the rest of the pupils, still they were not as "green" as they were expected to be; at least, that was the verdict of the Sophomores a few days after they had "initiated" the Freshmen.

Although six of our classmates left us during the year, another Freshman entered, making sixteen members of the class.

In September, 1917, having gained another step on the ladder, sixteen pupils entered as Sophomores. Near the close of the first semester, however, Gladys Evans and Garth Shull left us.

But in spite of the inevitable examinations, most of us have weathered the storms, and are pressing onward toward the goal.

Class Roll

Mary Tyndall Allen Rhodes Edith Berry
Berniece Hart Lucile Rhodes Margaret Lake
Minnie Walker Lois Smith Gaylon Markle
Verna Reed Henry Beams George Doll
Edwin Harwood Carl Trimble
Henry Beams George Doll
Edwin Harwood Carl Trimble

Officers

President - - Lucille Rhodes
Vice President - - Gaylon Markle
Secretary and Treasurer - Mary Tyndall

Motto—"We endeavor to win."
Colors—Pink and Nile Green.
Flower—Pink Rose.

Those Sophomore Girls

(C. E. H.)

Berniece, she wants a millionaire,
With coaches and a car,
Who'll take her all around with him
And travel near and far.

Gaylon wants a manly man,
Broad-shouldered, strong and tall,
While Lucille wants a stylish dude,
Who'll go and to her call

Lois wants a publisher
And lots and lots of space,
While Allen wants a handsome man,
With a happy, smiling face.

Mary's choice a preacher is,
With hair of glossy jet,
And Edith says she'll have to take
Whoever she can get.

Minnie says, "I want to wed,
But if I do, I pray
I'll get a man who's wise enough
To let me have my way."

Margaret, she aims so high
She'll never be content
With any man upon this earth
Except a president.

THE FRESHMEN

(By MARY HENDERSON, '21)

We're the hope of all the nations—
Freshies, Freshies;
With our trials and tribulations,
Freshies, Freshies.
We are the class of myster-ee,
The one the Sophomores cannot see—
Freshies! Freshies!

We are cool and never splutter,
Freshies, Freshies;
Though in Latin sometimes stutter,
Freshies, Freshies.
We are sly and shy and cunning,
Though for Seniorship we're gunning,
Freshies, Freshies.

Though in difficulties we may be,
Freshies, Freshies.
We're a very clever class, you see,
Freshies, Freshies.
For with colors red, and white, and blue,
To our Senior year we'll hike it through.
Freshies! Freshies!

Oh! It sure will be amazing,
Freshies, Freshies.
To see the Alumni all stand gazing,
Freshies, Freshies.
When they hear the words, "Second to none
Is the class of nineteen twenty-one."
Freshies! Freshies!"

Officers

President - - -	Fannie Vallieu
Vice President - -	Aileen Allen
Secretary - -	Walter Beerbower
Treasurer - - -	Charles Butler

Class Roll

Vernon Kline Aileen Allen Fannie Vallieu
Laura Goings Otis Koch Mary Henderson
Charles Butler Walter Horn Cecil Trimble
Clarence Widdifield Walter Beerbower

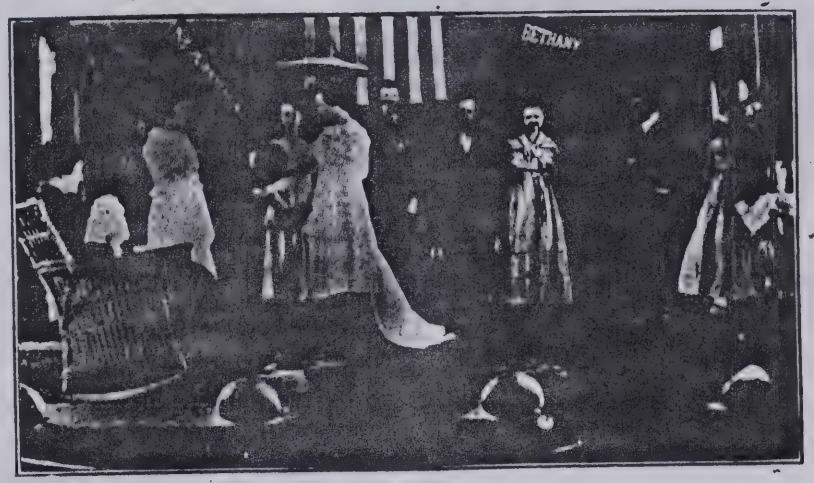
Motto—"Over the Top."
Colors—Red, White and Blue.
Flower—White Rose.

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

(No copy furnished for Freshman History.)

"GALLIGER"—A THREE-ACT COMEDY



"I kiss your hand, Countess."

In 1915 the students of the high school presented "Bess Goes to Europe," a play by Miss Rea Woodman, in which Miss Marie Miller, '16, played the role of "Bess." The success of this play led to the choice of another of the Woodman plays, "Galliger," which was presented April 5.

"Galliger" is a clever high school comedy in three acts, with a prologue.

The scene of the prologue is the girls' cloak room of the Spencerville high school one April afternoon after school. As the girls come from a hard examination in "Commercial," they discuss the preparations for the Senior reception. Margaret Woodward, otherwise "Babe," a capable Freshman, is chairman of the committee on refreshments. Difficulties arise, and Babe decides to ask Galliger, "who is worth any three committees."

Act I takes place in the library of the Grindem home at ten o'clock in the morning of the Great Day. There is all the confusion incidental to the preparations for such an event. Professor Grindem himself is driven from his study and forced to retire to the background. He and Professor Markam Wright decide to "seek a lodge in some vast wilderness." Babe is the personification of efficiency, and Galliger, as her first assistant, is ready to do anything, everything, nothing! Mrs. Smitters, the woman with the mop, appears, and her difficulties with Mary, the housemaid, add to the enjoyment of the comedy.

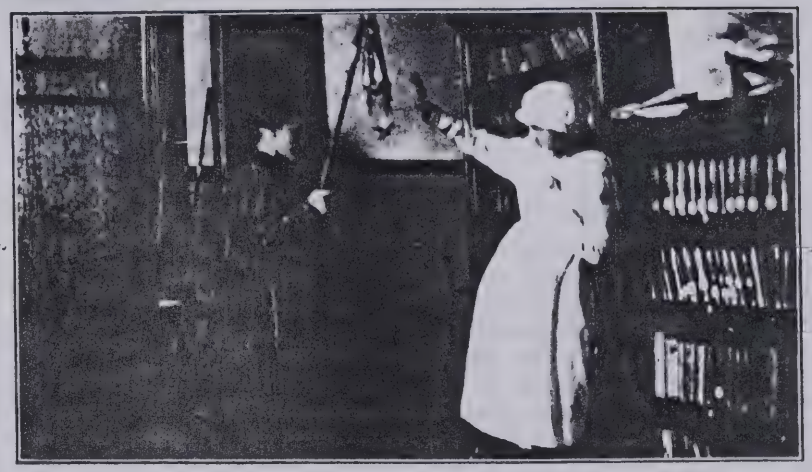
In the Grindem kitchen, at three o'clock on the afternoon of the same day (Act II), ppreparations have approached the stage in which Frank Sawyer has ordered the front steps scrubbed twice and the furnace painted green. Babe and Galliger are washing

chairs (rented for the occasion), and evidences of the party are everywhere.

Professor Wright, who is terribly afraid of girls, calls to see Babe, and Galliger immediately shows evidences of pangs of jealousy. To punish him, Babe makes him crack Galliger's peanuts with Mrs. Morton, Professor Grindem's irredundant mother-in-law, helping him. Professor dare not rebel, but it is quite evident that he thinks he is wrong.

In Act III, which takes place in the parlor of the Grindem home, on the evening of the same day, everything is in readiness for the reception. Professor Wright, self-conscious and ill at ease, is discovered sitting upon the edge of a chair, waiting for something—something—to happen. Millicent Cameron, cool and collected, is the first to arrive. As other members of the class come in, a reception line is formed, with much discussion as to who shall be first, and how the guests shall be received. Galliger, always equal to the occasion, advises Mame Hensell to "go out and come in as if she were coming." She comes in, with Babe's apron tied on for a train, and a handkerchief parasol held over her head. Then suddenly come sounds

"He did! He did! The addlepate."

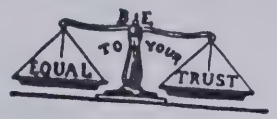


"I won't stand for none of your imperance, young woman."

of the guests descending the stairway, and the reception line immediately stiffens. Just as the guests are being ushered in, from the direction of the kitchen comes a terrific—an appalling—crash of falling crockery. The receiving smiles freeze, but in an instant Mrs. Grindem, recovering, extends her hand, smiling serenely—"mistress of herself, though China fall."

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Professor John Grindem	Roy Bowser
Mrs. Grindem, his wife	Gaylon Markle
Mrs. Morton, his mother-in-law	Dale Shull
Professor Markam Wright	Edwin Harwood
Babe Woodward	Lucile Rhodes
Galliger	Harry Hirsch
Mame Hensell, a Junior	Fannie Vallieu
Bess Tapping, a Senior	Leone Widdifield
Frank Sawyer, president of the Senior class	Harold Miller
Millicent Cameron	Jean Mumma
Mrs. Snitters, the woman with the mop	Delphia Coburn
Mary, the housemaid	Gladis Watson



SOCIETY NOTIES

THE JUNIOR PARTY

On Monday evening, March 4, Jean Mumma entertained the Juniors and the faculty at her home. The faculty were elected "honorary members," and were entitled to wear the "red rose" of the Juniors, which each was requested to make from red paper. Each guest was asked to cut pictures from magazines, with which to make a "pictorial biography" of one member of the class. These little books provided interesting souvenirs of the evening. A splendid dinner was served. The evening closed with several hearty songs and a few Irish stories by Mr. Kryder.

The High School dedicated its service flag by a short, patriotic program, April 17. The flag was made by Dale Shull, Jean Mumma and Goldie Hull, and contains fifteen stars in honor of High School Alumni who are now in service. Several patriotic songs were sung by the students, and readings were given by Gaylon Markle and Minnie Walker. Corporal George Hart, who is home from Camp Shelby on a furlough, gave a most interesting talk, telling of his experiences in camp.

The Freshmen and Eighth Grade gave an enjoyable party at the home of Miss Reed on Tuesday night, April 16. The affair was planned as a surprise for Miss Reed. The members of the party were taken to the Reed home in automobiles driven by Otis Koch and Vernon Reed.

"BACK TO THE FARM"

The "Coburntown Farmers' Club" gave a three-act comedy, "Back to the Farm," at the Farmers' Institute at St. Joe. Because of their desire to put the fine theme of the play before the people again, and because of their interest in the Spencerville High School, the club decided to give the play again for the benefit of the High School piano fund. The play was given in the Lutheran Church, February 22. The parts were all well acted, and the entire entertainment showed untiring effort and careful coaching. The cast of characters follows:

Mr. Merrill, a farmer,	Mark Shull
Mrs. Merrill, his wife,	Mrs. Mark Shull
Mertin Merrill, his son,	Floyd Coburn
Mr. Allan, a neighbor,	Harry Waltz
Rose Mead,	Berniece Hart
Margaret Langdon,	Minnie Walker
Mr. Ashley, lawyer,	Garth Shull
Gus Anderson, hired man,	Clyde Hart
Robert Powell, law student,	Roscoe Place
Huldah, the maid,	Delphia Coburn

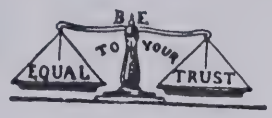
Eva Watt, '19, visited her brother, Carl Watt, at Camp Sheridan, Alabama, during a week in February. She has many interesting things to tell of her trip.

FORWARD MARCH

Military drill has its place in the high school, and should be considered as important as Latin, Algebra, or any other high school subject. First of all, we must consider the good that it will do the student, physically. We find a great many students who, through carelessness, develop round shoulders, or what once was called the "student's stoop," and by keeping this up year after year, finally weaken the lungs to such an extent that consumption will set in and the known results will follow. Military drill compells every man to practice walking erect for at least thirty minutes every day. Walking rapidly causes him to inhale large quantities of fresh air, and in doing this he acquires the habit of deep breathing which is essential to every person. Military exercises are given, such as running, marking time, and many calisthenic exercises are added.

In this training the students are taught the art of working together and of obeying commands. The commands that are used in military training are so learned by the soldier that upon hearing them it becomes second nature to obey them. It is worth a great deal to master a subject. Military discipline demands a mastery of the situation.

The patriotic side must be considered. We are in a great fight for freedom and every man, woman and child is expected to do his duty. We have heard in previous years, lectures on world-wide peace, but there is no peace. The world is in arms and drilling every day. At present we are fighting for democracy and against the crimes of the ambitious German, but this may not be the end even after the Boche is subdued. There is a settlement to be made and this will require the coun-



tries interested to maintain a large army in order to see that affairs are settled for a lasting peace and not merely an armistice. The United States has undergone a great change. A little over a year ago our standing army and navy were inferior in size to those of other countries, but to-day the United States is the greatest power in the world. It is our duty to be as efficient as possible, and to do away with the word, "unpreparedness." It is our duty to be ready to sacrifice anything for our country. The soldier, the farmer, the business man, each must do his bit.

Military training in High School trains the American boy to be a soldier, so that if his country needs him he can answer the call. The French were prepared. Every Frenchman had some form of military training and because of this they were able to stay the German invasion. America is no longer delinquent in military training. It is being taught in the schools so that, if at any time we are called upon to defend the flag our fathers died for, we can do it and maintain our national integrity.

SHS
SHS

THROUGH THE RANKS

(LEONE WIDDIFIELD, '19)

PART ONE

All the heads on the Freshman side of the high school assembly hall turned to look at the girl who was walking, with her little golden head held high, to a seat which had been assigned her by the teacher. She was a stranger to all of them except Mary Jones, who nodded to the newcomer and received a sunny smile in return.

Finally the long waited for recess came. Mary Jones was instantly surrounded by a group of eager boys and girls, who all talked at once, asking who this new classmate was, where she came from, where she lived, and so on, until Mary stopped them with "Oh, one question at a time, please."

"First this girl came from the south—"

"Oh, that is why she is so pretty, with her golden curls and blue eyes; I like girls from the sunny south," sang out Willie Roberts.

"Now don't interrupt me, please," said Mary. "As I said, this girl came from the south. Her father has bought that big house next to ours. Her name is June Adams. She is a very sweet girl, but remember she is a little proud like her southern ancestors. I'll call her over and introduce her." And putting action to her words, she called, "Oh June! Come here a minute."

June came gladly toward the group. Herself proud, yet frank and open-hearted, she thought these northern girls rather cool and unresponsive. They were altogether unlike the impulsive southern girls she knew. But after a while the ice was broken, and she was soon talking and laughing with the rest.

When school closed that evening she walked home with Mary Jones. When they parted Mary said, "Come over as soon as you can, June."

June readily promised, as she ran up the walk to the house next door. She was eager to tell her mother about her first day in high school.

She began eagerly, "Oh, Mama, we have three teachers and one more, once in a while, to teach us music and drawing. There is one, a little, gray-haired lady whom they call Mrs. Gray, that I loved at first sight. She teaches us English. I believe I like her the best of all. Mr. Richmond is our history teacher. I like him too, but that Miss Stone—I don't like her at all! She teaches algebra, and I know I won't like that, so I suppose—Oh, I forgot. I must run over to Mary Jones' to see her gray cat; she said for me to come right over."

With that she was out of the house and at the gate before her mother realized she was gone. The woman smiled and murmured, "My little, impulsive daughter! I wonder if she will never grow up! She is utterly irresponsible and care-free."

This remark portrays the character of June to a great extent. She was a good girl, but fun-loving and thoughtless. But she was a good student, and her bright, sunny nature won the love and friendship of both classmates and teachers.

The year passed rapidly. On the last day of school, that first term, she was heard to remark to the other girls, "Oh, I am glad school is out, but do you know, girls, I will look forward to next year, when we will be Sophomores."

PART TWO

That summer June went west to visit her aunt. She did not return until a few days before school began, and consequently her friends were very glad to see her. As she came to school that first day she was greeted with "Howdy, June," "Hello, June," and so on. She felt proud of the fact that she knew so many of the girls and boys.

School ran along smoothly for June until about Christmas time, when the good points in June's character were given a test. One day Sally Jones, a negro girl, came to school and was welcomed by all the girls, except June, as one of their own number.

But June had a little of that southern pride in her blood, and she determined not to notice the colored girl. When the girls wanted to introduce her to Sally, she answered haughtily, "I have not been accustomed to associate with a negro on an equal standing with myself, and I don't intend to do so now."

Mrs. Gray, the little gray-haired teacher, hearing this, drew June into her office and talked with her a long, long time. When June came out of that office she had learned one lesson that was not included in the curriculum. With an effort, race prejudice had been conquered.

There were tears in her eyes as she went up to Sally and said, "I am sorry that I ever said that. We must be good friends." And she kept her word; all the rest of the term she was unusually kind to the little black girl whom she had treated so unkindly the first day.

June studied hard and was rewarded for her labors by the praise and confidence of her teachers, and on that last day she passed out of the school room with honors, and with the little card which said, "June Adams of the Sophomore year is promoted to the Junior year."

PART THREE

The vacation passed altogether too rapidly, but June went to school the first day glad that school had begun. Her ideas and opinions had changed in many ways.

During her Freshman and Sophomore years her aims and ambitions had been rather vague and indefinite. She had gone to school as a matter of course, with no thought of what education meant to her. But now she had new aims, new purposes and new plans. She was just beginning to realize that in only two more years she would go out into the world and "do her bit." With these aims and ideals in mind, she studied all the more. She surpassed her classmates in her favorite studies, Latin, history and English, and in spite of the fact that she disliked mathematics, she kept up in that also.

In this third year, when the Junior class was organized June was appointed president. A more loyal class could not be found anywhere, and each one agreed to the common opinion that,

"We've the finest and the brightest
That there are,
The loveliest and the rightest
Near or far.
We all are brave and witty;
Good-looking if not pretty;
We're the brightest in the city—
Each a star."

PART FOUR

That summer June went to a business college in the town. This she did with a definite purpose in mind. She intended going to college and expected to help her parents financially, to put herself through this college. If she knew office work she could obtain a better position than if she went unprepared for anything. Otherwise she would be compelled to depend upon her parents.

June had grown more independent and did not like the idea of her parents sacrificing to put her through college. Therefore, with a definite purpose in mind during that vacation, while others played she studied to become qualified for working in almost any line of office work.

The Senior class this year was enlarged by new members until they were about forty in number.

June renewed old friendships and found new ones; she knew that when the day of parting came she would be sorry to go her way and let others go theirs.

The days of that last year in high school seemed to fly by, and commencement day came before she could hardly realize it. No one but a Senior really knows how to appreciate those golden school days. A Senior, when he leaves school, realizes that his high school days, with their ppleasant friendships, their joys and opportunities, are gone.

This was June's attitude, and when her teachers handed her the hard-worked-for diploma there were tears in her eyes. She knew, passing out of school that day, that—

"Friends she would meet when she grew older
Would be no better friends than these."

CHARITY

(MINNIE WALKER, '20)

It was Saturday night, and Mrs. Preston, the widow of Pine Cottage, sat by her blazing fire, with her five rugged children at her side. She was endeavoring, by listening to the artlessness of their prattle, to scatter the heavy gloom that pressed upon her mind. For a year her own feeble hand had provided for her helpless family; she thought of no friend in all the wide world around her.

Several years ago her home had been visited by wasting sickness, and her little means had been exhausted. It was now midwinter, and the snow lay heavy and deep through all the surrounding forests, while the storm seemed still gathering in the heavens. The driving wind roared amid the neighboring pines, and rocked her tiny cottage.

The last herring smoked upon the coals before her; it was the only article of food she possessed. No wonder her forlorn, desolate state brought up in her own mind all the anxieties of a mother when she looked upon her children. No wonder, forlorn as she was, that she suffered the heart swellings of despair to rise, even though she knew that He Whose promises are to the widow and to the orphan, cannot forget His word.

Many years before her eldest son had been taken from her, when he had gone from his forest home to try his fortune on the high seas. She had heard no tidings of him; and only a short year ago death had deprived her of the companion of her early pilgrimage, in the person of her husband. Yet to this hour she had upbourne bravely in the midst of her sorrow. Not only had she been able to take care of her children, but she had never lost an opportunity of ministering to the wants of others who were miserable and destitute.

The person who has his own wants to supply may suffer with fortitude the winter of want; his affections are not wounded, his heart is not wrung. The most desolate may hope, for charity has not quite closed her hand and heart, and shut her eyes on misery.

The industrious mother of helpless and depending children far from human charity has not this hope to console her. Such was the widow of Pine Cottage; but as she bent over the fire and took up the scanty remnant of food to spread bfore her children, her spirits seemd to brighten, as by some sudden and mysterious impulse.

The smoked herring was scarcely laid upon the table when the loud barking of a dog attracted the attention of the family, and a gentle rap was heard at the door. The children ran to open it, and a weary traveler, in tattered garments, entered, and begged a lodging and a mouthful of food.

"It is now twenty-four hours since I have tasted bread," he said.

Mrs. Preston's heart bled anew, as under a new distress, for her sympathies lingered not around her fireside.

She hesitated, then said, "I will share all I have. We will not be forsaken or suffer more for an act of charity."

The traveler drew nearer the table, and when he saw the scanty fare he raised his eyes in astonishment, as he said, "This is all you have? And you offer a share to one you do not know? Then never have I seen charity before."

"But," he added, after a moment's pause, "Do you not wrong your children by giving your last bit to a stranger?"

"Ah!" said the widow, the tears gushing into her eyes as she spoke, "I have a boy—a darling son—somewhere on this earth, unless heaven has taken him away, and I act toward you only as I would wish others to act toward him."

As the widow finished speaking, the stranger sprang from his chair, and clasping her in his arms, said, "Your son has been provided with a home and has been given wealth. My Mother! Oh, my mother!"

It was her long-lost son, returned from the coast. He had assumed that disguise that he might more completely surprise his family; and never was surprise more perfect, or followed by a sweeter cup of joy.

ADELINE'S REQUEST

(EDITH BERRY, '20)

It was June, a lovely summer day, and Adeline was waiting for her father in the rose garden, looking herself like a rose in her soft white frock and plumed hat, and with her sweet little face flushing with eagerness.

"Daddy! Daddy!" she cried, as she caught sight of her father, who was just then coming through the gate.

"What is it, my darling?" exclaimed the doting father, gazing with admiration at his little girl. "What can I do for you today?"

This question he often asked, and generally Adeline, with a merry laugh would answer, "Oh, nothing, daddy; I have everything I want." But this time she clung to his hand and said earnestly, "I do want something, very, very much."

"Bless my heart!" said the father, quite disturbed at the very idea, "Tell me what it is, and I will get it this very day."

"Stoop down and I'll tell you," said Adeline, trying to get her arms around his neck. "I want you to tell all the children—the poor children from the village—to come and play in the park here on my birthday, next week."

Her father looked aghast at the very idea; the village was a large one and the people chiefly miners and very rough, and to let three or four hundred children into the park to bring all kinds of diseases to his darling child.

Adeline noticed the cloud on his brow, and she went on quickly before he had time to speak: "I'll tell you what made me think of it. You know when we were in the city last year, we went to tea with Uncle John in the Temple, and afterwards I was standing at the window, when I saw many poor children coming into the gardens. Uncle John told me they came from the neighboring streets and only had the streets to play in, and they were allowed to come into the gardens to play every evening. Now, daddy, to have nowhere to play except the streets is horrid. Do let them come and have a good time, for my birthday treat, you know," said Adeline in a very coaxing tone.

Her father still dreaded to have them come, but how could he refuse Adeline?

She received her request, and her father wrote to the city for balls, skipping ropes and other toys.

It was a scene of fairy land to the village children to be admitted to those grassy slopes and to be allowed to play to their hearts' content. But happiest of all was the little hostess, doing all she could to make others happy.

WHICH WAS BETTER?

(FANNIE VALLIEU, '21)

In the early eighteens, when my great-grandfather immigrated to [illegible], he built a home in a little settlement known as Cuba, which was thickly inhabited by German people. Here he erected a log blacksmith shop, where he might work at his trade.

His home was just across the street from his shop, and often on cold winter mornings he would build the fire in the shop and then go home until the shop became warm enough to work in.

It was on such a morning that a couple of horsemen were seen to ride up to the blacksmith shop and dismount. Seeing no one in the shop, they came across the street to the house. They knocked at the door and my great-aunt answered the summons. She saw that they were Germans, and was slightly embarrassed as she could neither speak nor understand the German language.

One of the gentlemen, however, stepped a little nearer and removing his hat, said in broken English, "Ish der smit mit in?"

But before she could answer, the other man stepped forward, seeming greatly humiliated at his companion's ignorance, and taking him by the arm, pushed him back, saying:

"Ach, you shtand back und let men shpeak vot kin shpeak," and folding his arms across his chest, in his gentlest tones addressed my aunt, thus:

"Ish der blackschmit in der 'ouse?"

THE FAITH OF MRS. THORPE

(LOIS SMITH, '20)

When America entered the great world war for democracy, and the first call for volunteers was issued in the United States, Mrs. Thorpe met with the grief that is touching the hearts of so many mothers all over the world. Her oldest son, Clayton, was the first to enlist, and was sent to a training camp in the United States.

A few months later, when the draft was made, Westley and H. J. were called to the service. She now had only one son left at home, Waldon, a manly boy of eighteen. That Waldon would be called hardly occurred to Mrs. Thorpe as a possibility, for he seemed to the mother still a child to be sheltered by the affection of the entire home circle. Mrs. Thorpe was a kind and loving mother, and the ties that bound her to her boys were firm and very strong.

In the early fall Mrs. Thorpe received a letter from Clayton, saying they were expecting to leave for France at an early date. It was a shock to those at home, even though it was the thing they had taught themselves to know must come.

Mrs. Thorpe was one of the great workers of the Red Cross, and was untiring in her efforts to make the boys comfortable and happy. She was loyal and unselfish, working for other mothers' sons as well as for her own.

Within a month after Clayton had sailed for France, Waldon enlisted and left for a training camp. This was an even greater sorrow than when the others had gone, but Mrs. Thorpe was proud of having so much to give for her country. Bravely she put aside her own grief and put country first.

She was now left alone, but she cherished the hope that some day after the war her boys would all return to her, and gather again around the home fire, which she was striving to keep burning. But one day this hope was broken when she received a telegram saying that Clayton had been wounded in battle and died in a hospital in France.

Her grief was lightened somewhat, however, when a few days later she received a letter from Westley, saying that he and H. J. would be home on a furlough. In joyful anticipation, she planned for the coming of the boys. At last the day arrived when Mrs. Thorpe met her two sons at the station.

That evening was a happy one for Mrs. Thorpe and the boys. The five days' visit passed rapidly. Just before they left they told their mother that Waldon was on his way to France, and a few weeks later the news came that the ship on which he had sailed had entered a French port in safety.

The two soldier boys returned to camp, and then suddenly the letters ceased to come. The days stretched into weeks, and the anxious mother could do nothing but wait—and wait—and wait. Then at last came a message from Westley and H. J. saying that they were now "somewhere in France."

But Mrs. Thorpe did not lose hope; she trusted God and felt that He would guide her boys so that they would meet again.

Every day she scanned the papers eagerly for news of the American troops, and knew that the American boys were beginning to do their part in the great conflict.

One day the message came that she had so long dreaded, stating briefly that Westley and H. J., fighting side by side, had been killed in battle. Now her only ray of hope centered around Waldon, the youngest and only son, but even that hope was destined to not long endure. Weeks of anxiety and suspense were cruelly ended by the news that Waldon, too, had given his life to th cause for which he had fought.

Feeling that now she had no one for whom to keep the home together, she decided to offer herself as the last gift to her country. She took several months of training, and at last the day came when she was permitted to go to France as a Red Cross nurse, to care for the wounded

During her weeks of training Mrs. Thorpe wished many times that she had realized sooner the great need of the work she had undertaken. Perhaps then she might have done for her own sons what she was now doing so eagerly for others.

When Mrs. Thorpe arrived in France she was placed at once in a hospital where the need was urgent, and where the scenes of suffering were almost beyond belief. Untiringly she went from cot to cot, ministering to the needs of the wounded soldiers. One day she sat by the side of a cot where a young soldier—a mere boy he seemed—lay asleep. The arm and head had been wounded severely and were almost hidden by bandages. Suddenly the eyelids quivered, then opened, and the brown eyes looked straight into those of the woman at his side.

There was a gleam of recognition, then, with an effort, the powder-blackened lips framed one word, "Mother!"

It was Waldon, the youngest of the four sons.

THE LIFE OF A RABBIT

(CECIL TRIMBLE, '21)

There was in the center of a large lake marsh a family of rabbits, the old one and six little ones. They were in a nest under the ground, the little ones did not know how far. These little ones were kept in the nest until about two weeks old; then they began to look about to see where they were. At last, one after another, they found their way out. As each one came forth, it went sneaking away to find a place to hide. It was not long, however, until they began to move about and hunt something to eat. Everything tasted strange to them at first, but they soon grew to like it.

As the days passed the rabbits grew larger. Then one night an owl caught one of the young ones. One after another they were caught by dogs or some other enemy of the rabbit tribe, until at last only one was left. This one grew very fast, and pretty soon he was full grown. He leaped and played all summer, and ate cabbages and carrots that grew in the gardens not far from the marsh.

One day he was badly frightened when a dog came along as he was sitting near the edge of the marsh. The dog ran very close to him, frightening him so that he jumped and ran with all his might. But the dog did not see him, and went on his way.

As the days began to grow shorter and colder, one night there came a frost. Then night after night it grew colder, until finally one morning the ground was covered with snow. This was something new to the rabbit. Every time he made a jump it left his tracks in the snow. But this snow soon melted away, leaving the ground bare again. It was not long, however, until there were more snows; the ground was frozen and it grew very cold.

Nothing important, however, happened to our rabbit until Christmas day. As he sat in his usual way, peacefully dreaming of cabbage leaves and carrots, he was given the surprise of his life. A hound had followed his tracks to where he was sitting, and all of a sudden gave a howl that froze the blood in the veins of the frightened rabbit. He gave several bounds, with the dog close behind him. Then he headed for the nearest brush pile, and crouched beneath it, breathless and trembling. But the hunter, who was not far behind, came up and tramped on the top, and the poor, frightened rabbit ran out again. Bang! Bang! went the hunter's gun, and the sound almost frightened him out of his wits. But he was not hurt, and he ran on as fast as his legs could carry him, with the dog close behind. He made many short turns and many circles, then finally he took a straight shoot for the hole in the hillside a quarter of a mile away, as his only place of safety.

When he was only a little over half way, he felt his strength failing. He strained every muscle, but the hound was gaining on him at every leap. He could already feel the hot breath of the dog not many inches away. The rabbit would have given up if he had not seen the hole, but a few feet away now.

He gave two more leaps, which were short because he was so tired and out of breath. With the last leap he went straight into the hole. The hound's teeth snapped as they missed him, and he ran into the bank, not having time to check his speed.

The rabbit sat down, panting, with his heart beating fast within him. The disappointed hound started off on another hunt for a rabbit that would not get away.

The rabbit was easily frightened after this, and trembled at every sound and shadow. But in spite of his fears he lived to a good old rabbit age.

MONA OF THE TANK

(MARY HENDERSON, '21)

With a smile on her lips, Mona Perry had watched her brother and lover march away; she must be brave for her father's sake.

Not many months elapsed, when word came that her father, who had gone to France on an important secret mission, had been captured and was in an Austrian prison camp. A few days later, after a terrific German drive, a messenger came to the door with a death list on which were the names of Richard Perry and George Herrington.

A sudden fire leaped into Mona's heart. Six months later she was driving a Red Cross ambulance; she had tried nursing, but that would not do; she wanted revenge—a revenge thorough and cruel. Ambulance driving could not furnish this, so through the influence of her father's name she received a position in one of the new death machines—a tank. This was her chance to get revenge—swift, appalling.

As the tank began to move the girl grasped a peg stuck in the steel wall and swayed to the lunging motion of the monster. Darkness, the best camouflage, was fast falling upon a world of death and sorrow. What would be the tale told the next day? Who would be occupying the long-held German trenches? How many men did the Huns have? Had the Italians drawn upon the strength of the Hindenburg line? What would these tanks do? Would they bring victory to the impatient men in the dark trenches?

Mona asked herself all these questions, but could arrive at no answer to any of them.

The tank stopped with a jerk and the girl peered out, trying to pierce the thick, murky darkness, but she could see nothing except here and there a faint light in the trenches, and once in a while a bursting shell. Close to her she heard an officer speaking to one of the men in the tank. Hurrying footsteps sounded about, but the darkness screened all.

In the first blush of dawn a trumpet sounded shrill and loud, then was softened by the rolling beats of a drum. The British caught up arms and rushed after the tanks with thought only of the Huns sleeping in the trenches and dug-outs.

Mona crouched behind a gun, waiting, waiting, with eyes staring ahead into the gray of the new day. Clouds filled the sky, and the earth rocked from the crash of thunder; lightning leaped across the sky with a livid, fiery light, but the men heeded it not; they rushed on, anger and hatred in their hearts. Their time had come; they would make use of it. A cannon roared. They had been discovered, but too late: already the tanks were crashing into the trenches, crushing the Boche beneath them; then on, driving before them the terrified Germans. After them came the men, leaping into the trenches and slaying the remaining Prussians by the hundreds.

Behind her gun Mona stood calm, smiling, feeding the cartridges into an always empty stomach. All day she stood there, pouring shot into the ranks of the retreating Huns. Then darkness covered the earth, blotting out all things.

The spirit of revenge and adventure was in her blood. After repeated entreaties and tales of her former adventures, she was permitted to accompany a patrol party.

Out upon the shot-torn debris-strewn No Man's Land the party crept. They had not gone far when Mona heard a slight sound to the left. The girl deserted her comrades, and in a few minutes she was holding a party of about a dozen Huns at the point of the bayonet, while they softly whispered, "Kamerad."

Hearing the sound of voices and missing the girl, the rest of the party stole forward. What they saw greatly amused them, for standing there in the darkness was a slim girl with bayonet raised, and in front of her a number of Boche with their hands held aloft. But their mirth did not keep them from quickly securing the astonished Huns and marching them to the British trench. One of the captives was very talkative. He told them many things concerning the Prussian army, but most important was the news that Von Zimmerman, the mighty, was but five miles beyond their present po-

sition, and that he would move in the morning. Mona heard, and after a short conference with the general she started away, a darker shape in a dark night. In her hand, beside a tiny illuminator, was a chart of the present German position and the exact location of General Von Zimmerman's camp. For three hours she slipped through the darkness aroun dthe German lines and over No Man's Land. At last Von Zimmerman's headquarters loomed up before her. Set off by itself was a small, neat house, the general's temporary abode.

The door yielded to her touch, and she glided in, silently, quickly, a foe to be feared. She came to a guard sleeping before the door, but Mona silenced him forever. She went on; her flashlight lit the room. In one corner was a heavily curtained bed, toward which the girl crept She drew the curtains, and the light fell upon the upturned face of Von Zimmerman. A trench knife rose and fell repeatedly; the bed clothing grew crimson.

It was beginning to grow dawn as Mona slipped from the room and ran from the place. The booming of the tanks' deadly guns met her ears. As the day advanced the firing grew louder, and at noon the Huns were flying for their lives, while the forces of Byng came after, fighting as they had never fought before.

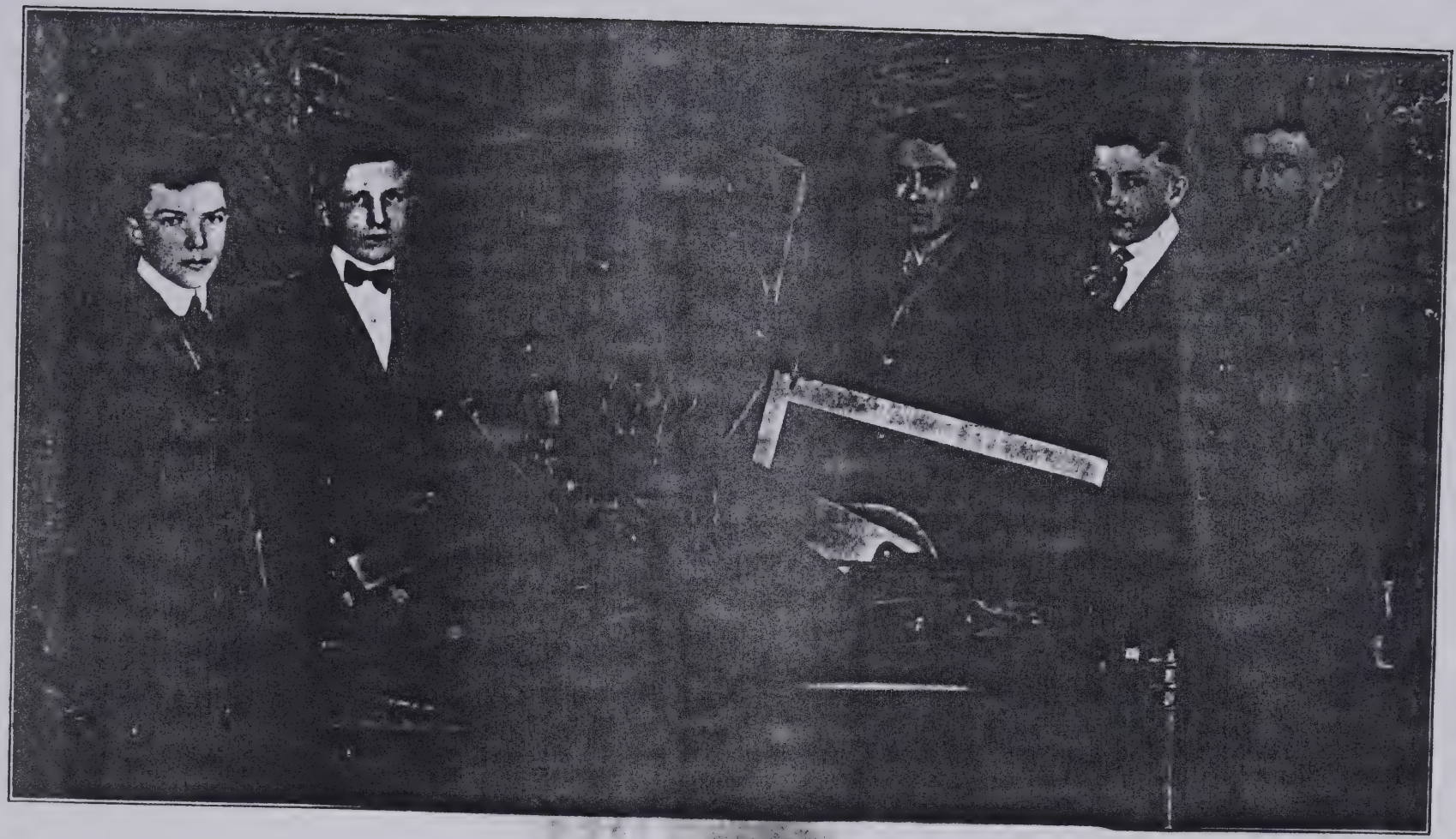
A horrible day and night Mona lay in a shell hole, then on the second day the Germans passed. with the allies close upon them. The girl joined the offensive, sought out the British commander and told him of her deed.

She was sent to England, received the Victoria Cross from the hands of King George, and was again on her way to the front when she stopped at a hospital, and, passing from one cot to another she found—Oh, well! She stayed there until George Herrington, who had been severely wounded, not killed, was able to travel, and then she accompanied him to England as Mrs. George Herrington. At London she found her father, so she lived happily in England. When she thought of her brother lying in a war grave, she was quickly comforted by the thought that she had avenged his death.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

A two years' course has been offered in Domestic Science, including both cooking and sewing. With the increasing demand for war work in the schools, and the growing scarcity of food products, cooking has been practically discontinued and emphasis placed on Red Cross sewing. Materials were obtained from the local chapter of the Red Cross, and the work began with the making of hospital supplies. Later, when a junior Red Cross was organized, the money obtained from membership fees was used to purchase material for relief work for French and Belgian children. The girls of the Freshman and Sophomore classes have been enthusiastic about the work, and several of the Junior and Senior girls, who were receiving no credit for Domestic Science, have given time each day for the work. The girls have loyally supported the movement.



MANUAL TRAINING CLASS

MANUAL TRAINING

Only in the last few years has vocational training had a place in the high schools of Indiana. The secondary schools were established primarily as a preparation for college, and as such were of value only to the few. But with the growing interest in education, with the demand of the state that a means of training for better citizenship be provided, and that the training should meet the need of those boys and girls who were to go out and work for their daily wage, manual training has found a place in all the high schools of the state. The movement has grown out of the belief that the hand as well as the head must be trained.

Many boys have found a new interest in school life, because they felt that they were learning to do something worth while; they could see that they were accomplishing something definite; there was some visible result by which they could gauge the progress made.

The work in this department was established in Spencerville High School in 1914, and since then has steadily grown. That the course has been of value is self-evident. The class has made pedestals, book-racks, hall-trees, cedar chests, library tables, piano benches, and various other articles. The products speak for themselves.

THE STAFF

Major Staff, seated—From left to right: Gladys Watsons, Delphin Colburn, Harry Hirsch, Dale Shull, Goldie Hull and Kalter Silberg.
Minor Staff, standing—From left to right: Roy Bowser, Gayton Martin, Mary Henderson, Jean Mumma and Edwin Harwood.

THE S. H. S. BOOSTER STAFF

Dale Shull----------Editor-in-Chief
Delphia Coburn----------Associate Editor
Gladis Watson----------Literary and Art Editor
Goldie Hull----------Calendar, Local and Personal Editor

BUSINESS DEPT.

Harry Hirsch----------Business Manager
Walter Silberg----------Circulation Manager

ASSISTANTS

LITERARY	LOCAL AND PERSONAL
Jean Mumma, '19	Roy Bowser, '19
Gaylon Markle, '20	Edwin Harwood, '20
Mary Henderson, '21	Vernon Kline, '21

Be satisfied with the corner that you occupy because it is all your own.

Be satisfied with nothing but the best.

EDITORIAL

In each garden God has planted different flowers, perhaps with the same purpose, but different in the minor points; of the same species perhaps, but of a different kind, and out of the seed of one kind you can not get another flower. Each human being God has made different in some respects from his fellow beings and what He has given to one, another cannot have; the qualities one has have not been relegated to another. If, then, no two of us are alike and we are all different, none of us can occupy the same corner another has. Therefore let us not look with longing or with envy at another's fortune, but let us seek our own; let us not desire another's gold but let us dig out our own, for gold is not found in only one mine but in many mines; let us not whimper about another's (whose mine is yielding rich ore) and forget to work ours; let us not permit our tools to lay idle or to be hung upon a peg or laid away on a shelf until they rust, but let us make use of them; let us dig our mine until we strike something. We may strike gold and we may not; perhaps we may strike silver, or copper, or oil, or perhaps only water, and then we may perchance strike rubies or diamonds. Whatever the strike, it is worth the digging, and whatever we may strike let us not be satisfied with the mere sample, but let us keep on digging and we will be rewarded, when we have reached the heart, by the pure ore which the mine will yield. Then let us be satisfied with nothing but the best ore in our mine, and let us also be satisfied with our own mine.

Today is a day of sacrifice. The greatest sacrifice that any man can make for his country is to give his life for that country. If thousands of American boys can make that sacrifice without complaint, shall not we who remain at home make readily and cheerfully the sacrifices that devolve upon us? Grouching is the first sign of a slacker.

If you can do things, you are wanted. The better you are prepared, the more you are wanted. Make yourself wanted.

One need not look far in the catalogue of men to find one who seems capable of great things—who is possessed of splendid physique, strong mentality and bigness of soul—but who is wasting his life in the little whirlpool of selfish ambition. He has not yet caught a vision of the universal plan of service for humanity. He has not yet acquired a sense of value and proportion. He has not yet come to know himself in his true relation to his fellow men. And as he paddles about in his own little eddy, the great stream moves on. There is no more tragic thing than the sight of a man of splendid ability and fine sensibilities, who is spending his energies and his God-given talent for "that which is not bread."

Many people are heard to say, "I wish I could be like you," or "I wish I could be like that fellow and be able to laugh and sing when misfortune hits me." Why be like the other fellow? Don't imitate. Be yourself. Look for the bright things and the bright side of life yourself. You won't get any joy or happiness out of life by letting the other fellow look for it. Whatever may happen to you, favorable or unfavorable, if the good is not apparent it is hidden underneath the misfortune, and you have only to look a little deeper for it. Just as we look for the silver lining in every cloud, so must we look for the dawn of a brighter day, and just as surely as the cloud and the rain always bring good results, so misfortune brings its benefits, and just as surely as we know that the sunshiny day will follow the cloudy and rainy one, so sure can we be that a brighter day will dawn for us. Let us have a broader vision, a broader outlook on life; let us be able to look farther than the cloud and see the silver lining and the sun behind the cloud. And if we are inclined to be gloomy, let us remember the old adage, "Laugh and the world laughs with you; cry and you cry alone."

Smile awhile,
And while you smile,
Another smiles,
And soon there's miles and miles of smiles,
And life's worth while,
Because YOU smile.

A balky horse never gets very far; the same is true with man.

Spencerville High School has responded loyally to every call for war work. The spirit with which the girls took up the Junior Red Cross work was commended heartily by the local chapter. The sale of Thrift and War Savings Stamps by High School pupils amounted to $1,055.00. Many of the boys have enrolled in the Boy's Reserve. Fifteen former students of Spencerville High School are now serving under the Stars and Stripes, and the spirit of old S. H. S. is back of them.

ALUMNI

We feel very sad when we think of another vacant seat in our midst. Dewey Beaber, '16' died of pneumonia at Hope hospital in Fort Wayne, April 11, 1917. He was attending business college at that place at the time of his death. He will be remembered by all as a good student, and was always willing to do anything to help S. H. S.

Ten of our number have fallen mark for Cupid's arrows and have taken on the cares of matrimony. The Alumni as a whole extend their congratulations and best wishes for a happy future.

Mark Shull, '14, to Ruth Herni. They are living on Mrs. Abel's farm, one-half mile west of the Coburn Corners church.

Murray Erick, '09, to Ethel Roberts of Springfield, Illinois. At home in Evansville, Indiana.

Fred Steward, '12, to LeAnna Wearley, '14. Both were graduates of the S. H. S. They reside with the bride's parents in Spencerville. He works for the Steward Lumber company.

W. Beeks Erick, '13, to Violette Tyndall, '15. Both were graduates of the S. H. S. They reside with the groom's parents in Spencerville. He is mail carrier on Route 1.

Miss Gertrude Shutt, '14, to Charles Markle. They reside with the groom's father in Spencerville. He is a grocer.

Herbert Miller, '15, to Opal Nelson. They reside with the bride's parents near Hicksville, Ohio.

William Goings, '12, to Ruth Essig, '13. Both were graduates of the S. H. S. They reside on a farm near Concord, Indiana.

1906-07

Grace Houck, at home, Spencerville, Indiana.
Berniece Boger-Grube.

1907-08

Connie Davis, Kalamazoo, Michigan.
Ort Wearley, Toledo, Ohio.
Lawrence Kriswell, Detroit, Michigan.

1908-09

Bessie Hart-Klopfenstein, Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Frances Butler-Chapman, Spencerville, Indiana.
Edward Carnes, Bloomington, Indiana.
Lester Houck, farmer, Spencerville, Indiana.
Jennie Steward-Walter, Auburn, Indiana.
Clarence Steward, teacher, Monticello, Indiana.
Argyl Beams, medical student, Cleveland, Ohio.
Murray Erick, Evansville, Indiana.
May Dailey-Alwood, Butler, Indiana.

1909-10

Robert Beams, Overland garage, Spencerville, Indiana.
Pearl Pervine-Nigh, Perrysville, Ohio.
Vera Silberg, teacher, Keyser township, Garrett, Indiana.

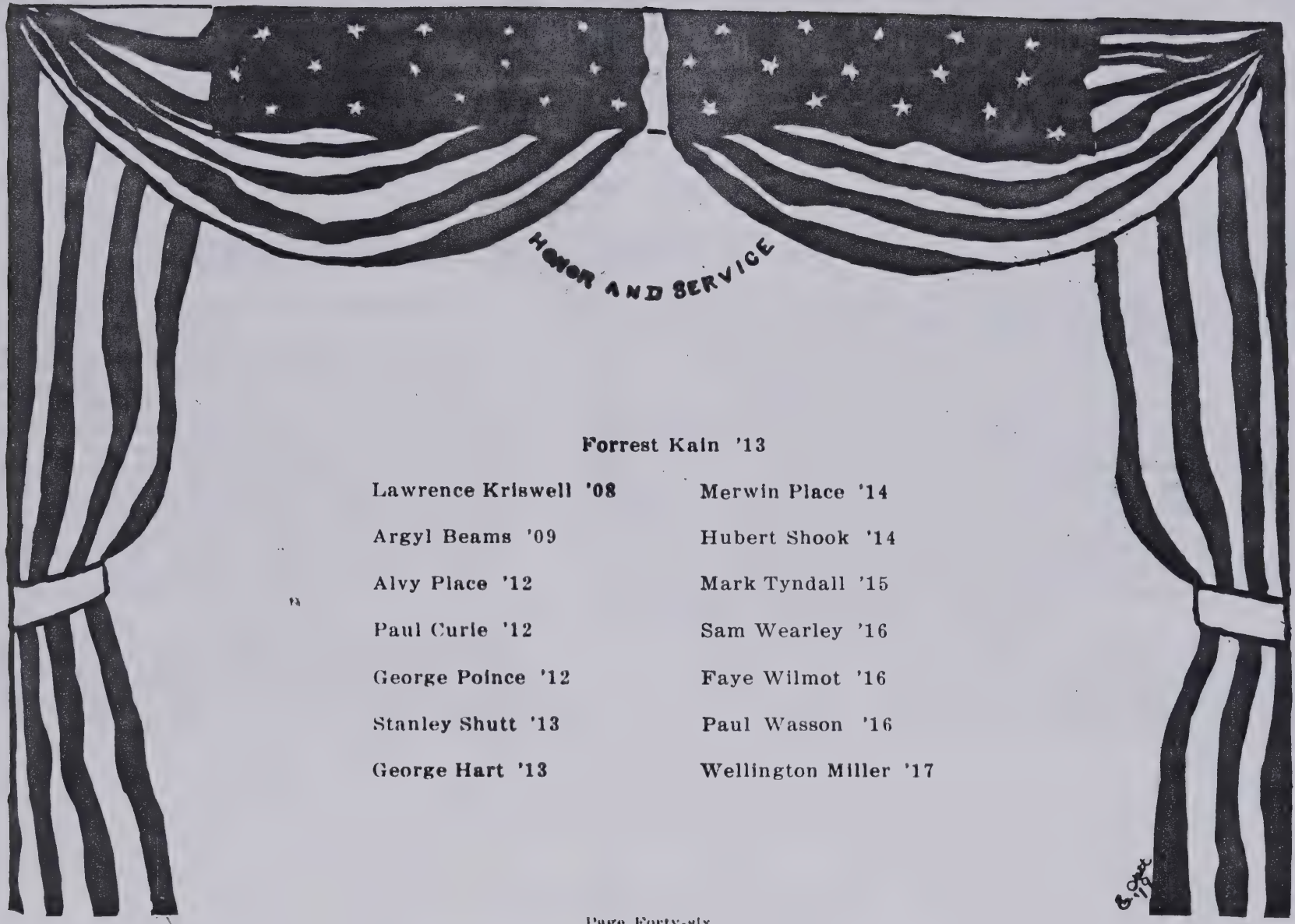
1910-11

Merritt Maxwell, teacher, high school, St. Joe, Indiana.
Franc Rodenbaugh-Wiers, St. Joe, Indiana.
Gladys Kain, teacher, primary room, St. Joe, Indiana.
Murray Erick, Evansville, Indiana.
Gladys Nelson-Rickett, Garrett, Indiana.
Clara Shull-Platter, Butler, Indiana.

1911-12

Alva Place, farmer, St. Joe, Indiana.
William Goings, farmer, St. Joe, Indiana.
Fred Steward, Steward Grain and Lumber Co., Spencerville, Ind.
Ernest Steward, Overland garage, Spencerville, Indiana.
George Poince, farmer, Hicksville, Ohio.
Paul Curie, Curie Implement Store, St. Joe, Indiana.
Ida Reed, teacher, Grammar room, Spencerville, Indiana.
Iva Zehner-Hollobaugh, Spencerville, Indiana.
Charlotte Miller, teacher, primary room, Spencerville, Indiana.

(Continued on Page Forty-eight)



Forrest Kain '13

Lawrence Kriswell '08	Merwin Place '14
Argyl Beams '09	Hubert Shook '14
Alvy Place '12	Mark Tyndall '15
Paul Curie '12	Sam Wearley '16
George Poince '12	Faye Wilmot '16
Stanley Shutt '13	Paul Wasson '16
George Hart '13	Wellington Miller '17

GREETINGS FROM FORREST KAIN, '13

To the Students and Faculty of the Spencerville High School,

Greeting:

Some one has said that we enjoy our past more when we live it in our imagination. If that be the case, then you may believe that the two years spent in work and co-operation with you stand out as the most enjoyable of my life. Little did any of us think when we studied the History of the European nations that some one of us would, before the expiration of a year be treading the hill made famous by the medieval heros. This has surely been a most enjoyable and interesting trip. But possibly I am just a little ahead of my story. We were ordered to mobilize at Camp Perry, Ohio, Aug. 15th, '17. We spent just one month at that camp. It was in the very vicinity that Admiral Perry fought his famous fight on Lake Erie. The flag staff was the main mast of the Essex, one of the vessels that belonged to his victorious fleet.

Leaving Camp Perry we went to Camp Mills, Long Island, passing through Cleveland, Buffalo, Albany and down the Hudson to N. Y. Perhaps most of you have read Washington Irving's account of the sleepiness that hangs around the vicinity of N. Y. We nearly all succumbed to that influence and missed most of the scenery so famous. What we could see was certainly fine. We spent about six weeks at Camp Mills getting equipped and putting in a hard drill program. Passes were issued to allow the boys to visit N. Y. A person can surely put in some time in sightseeing and study. The Art Gallery and Museum is surely a sight worth seeing. So much for that part of our trip. We embarked and after several days of uneventful sailing we landed in France. It was a glad bunch that sighted the land. I think that most were thinking as I that land looks much better than water. We spent several days (torn out by censor) miles along a cliff in which was hewn a city or a row of homes. The old castles, and scenery among the hills is surely fine. We are situated at present in a little village among the hills. Every day we go to drill we have to climb a hill about half a mile in height. Do you publish the Herald this winter? If you do, best wishes for success. Wishing you all the most happy and prosperous term of school. With Best wishes and Xmas Greeting I beg to remain

Your friend and former principal,

FORREST M. KAIN,
Co. E. 166 Inf.,
American Expeditionary Forces
Via New York.

ALUMNI

(Continued from Page Forty-five)

1912-13

W. Beeks Erick, mail carrier, Spencerville, Indiana.

George Hart, 10th company (K), 152nd infantry, Camp Shelby, Mississippi.

Lelia Horn, Edison Light company, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

John House, chauffeur, Detroit, Michigan.

Maude Platter-Moore, Hicksville, Ohio.

Stanley Shutt, 145th infantry, Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Alabama.

Ruth Gratz, teacher, Jackson township, Spencerville, Indiana.

Forrest Kain, Company E, 166 infantry, American Expeditionary Forces, via New York, Somewhere in France.

Ruth Essig-Goings, St. Joe, Indiana.

Bessie Kinsey, teacher, Stafford township, St. Joe, Indiana.

1913-14

Hubert Shook, medical student, Wittenberg college, Springfield, Ohio

Mark Shull, farmer, St. Joe, Indiana.

Gertrude Shutt-Markle, Spencerville, Indiana.

Hazel Steward, at home, Spencerville, Indiana.

LeAnna Wearley-Steward, Spencerville, Indiana.

Olive Jackson-Furnish, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Howard Pervine, student, Indiana university, Bloomington, Indiana.

Walter Coburn, student, Johnson Bible college, Kimberlin Heights, Tennessee.

Mervin Place, 3rd Field Artillery battery, McClellan Branch, Anniston, Alabama.

1914-15

Marquis Tyndall, General Electric works, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Violette Tyndall-Erick, Spencerville, Indiana.

Gladys Conine, teacher, Newville Center, Hicksville, Ohio.

Herman Miller, deceased.

Ethel Soule, at home, Spencerville, Indiana.

Herbert Ginther, Hicksville, Ohio.

Ethel Shutt-Webb, Spencerville, Indiana.

1915-16

Marie Miller, teacher, Butler township, Auburn, Indiana.

Paul Wasson, Wilbur Wright field, Fairfield, Ohio.

Faye Wilmot, restaurant, St. Joe, Indiana.

Donald Shook, farmer, Spencerville, Indiana.

Marie Hulle, at home, Spencerville, Indiana.

Samuel Wearley, Company L, 146th infantry, Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Alabama.

Dewey Beaber, deceased.

Harold Beam, farmer, Spencerville, Indiana.

Levi Mumma, student, Wittenberg college, Springfield, Ohio.

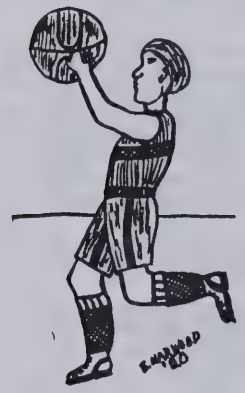
1916-17

Cecil Hollopeter, student, Wittenberg college, Springfield, Ohio.

Howard Shilling, farmer, St. Joe, Indiana.

Wellington Miller, Company 17, 8th regiment, Camp Decatur, Great Lakes, Illinois

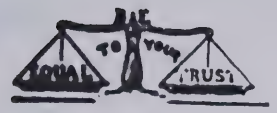
ATHLETICS



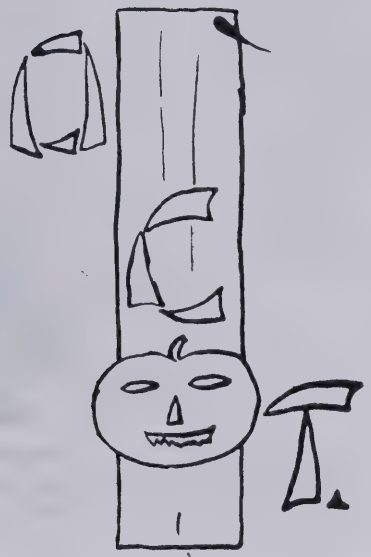
We have little to boast of along the athletic line, mainly on account of the fact that we have few upper classmen, and also, if there is any ability to be found in the lower classmen it is as yet undiscovered, or shall we say, undeveloped. However, we managed to scrape together a basket-ball team. But after four games had been played the team was broken up by the loss of Shull, our center, who quit school. Of the four games played, we lost the first to Leo H. S. by a score of 35-18, easily won the second from the Auburn Y. M. C. A., 49-16, and also won the third, which was hotly fought for every bit of the way, from Harlan, the score being 21-12, but we lost the last game when we went to Auburn by a score of 42-12, thus breaking even.

On Friday afternoon, March 29th, the whole high school motored, or rather, "lizzied," to Leo to attend the baseball game between Leo H. S. and S. H. S. The game was very close and was fought for every minute of the game until the last out was made, neither side being sure of the game until "the smoke had cleared away." Kryder pitched a far better game than his opponent but received poorer support, also "Nobody," as usual, was in our midst. The usual "bones" were likewise pulled which gave our opponents the game, the score being 11-12.

Although there was school on Saturday, we invited St. Joe down on Friday, April 12th, because in order to play a game we must have players and Saturday school disagrees with most of the players who generally make it a point to have some other engagements. School was almost dismissed when St. Joe arrived. We proceeded immediately to slam the ball to all corners of the lot while Kryder, our pitcher, mowed them down like so many blades of grass. Issuing but one pass and fanning most of our opponents, our pitcher was in no danger whatever except in the fifth inning when to our opponents advantage the signals were misunderstood, thus netting them four runs. It was only the spice which they used in the variety of their pitcher that held us down to only eleven runs. At first we thought they were passing the good thing around and everyone was given a chance but we were disappointed in this when they stopped at four. The game ended with the score 11-4 which was three runs more than we needed to earn the ice cream Gust Cupp promised us if we doubled our opponents' score.



S. H. S. CALENDAR



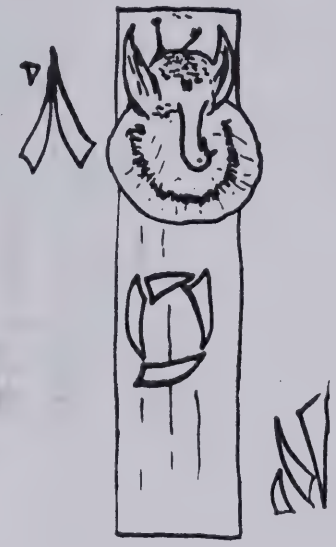
16—Walter Silberg tells History IV class that the colonists made indigo from rum.
18—Verna says an optimist is an eye doctor.
19—Delphia C. says, "I woke up one night and found myself sound asleep."
22—Miss Thornburgh and junior Geom. class are thinking seriously of purchasing a telescope, so they will be able to see Paul's figures on the board.
23—Gladis comes to school with her fingers all red.
Dale—"What's the matter, Gladis, been painting?"
Gladis—"No, I've been dyeing."

A Rare Occurance.

24—Kryder assigns a short Geog. lesson.
25—Harry is convinced that he is wrong with regard to one thing at least.

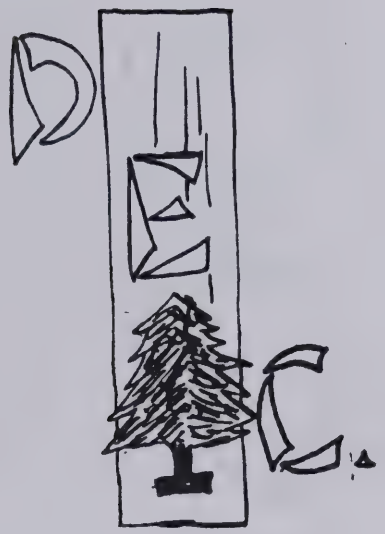
A Picture.

29—Lanky going down to the library
To recite his Latin lesson,
He got so tired, O, yes, so very,
He used the third step to rest on.
30—Leone must think that people in general are bone-heads right—as in reciting one day she said, "The bones of the brain do not unite until the person is about twenty-one years old."

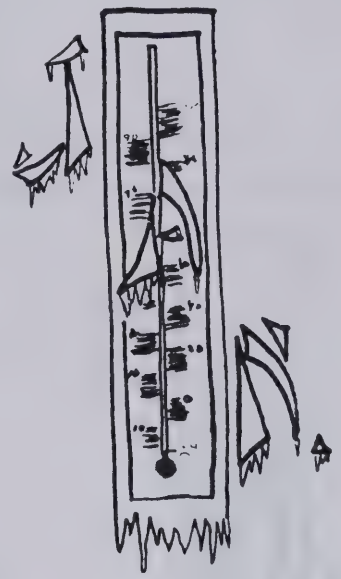


1—The S. H. S. battle will be quiet for a couple days.
5—"The Day After the Night Before." Winking, blinking and nodding came to school to-day. Delphia winking, Kryder blinking, and nodding was the feature of the day.
7—Kryder, in Geog. class,— "What is nickel used for?"
Dale,— "To buy candy."
9—Middy day in Sophomore class.
12—3:33 and Paul still sleeping.
16—Paul takes his daily nap.
26—Kryder furnishes front page news for a week.
27—He leaves at noon for Wisconsin(?) to see his college friend.
28—Kryder has resigned; so people say.
29—Kryder has the smallpox
30—Kryder is sick.

Page Fifty



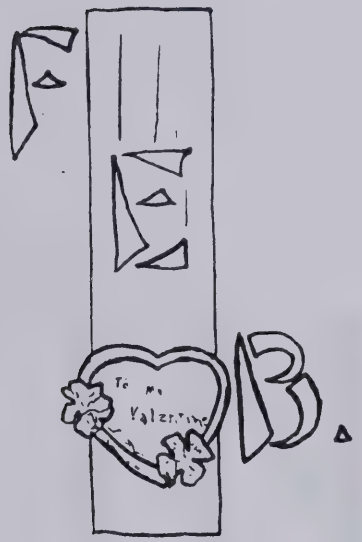
3—Kryder still among the missing.
4—Imagined reasons for his absence are undermined by fact that he is "married."
5—Calm days at S. H. S.
6—Ditto.
7—Ditto.
13—"The bells are ringing for me and my gal," sings Kryder.
19—Howard Shilling, '17, at S. H. S.
19—A Gum Drop. Harry Hirsch, '18, upon request of Miss Thornburgh, drops his gum in waste paper basket.
21—Another Gum Drop. Same one, same teacher, same basket.
24—Nothing doing, not even a test.
25—Ditto.
26—Ditto.
27—Ditto.
28—Ditto.
31—Harry must argue in English class or he couldn't rest.



1—Harry starts another argument in English.
3—Lola says a vegetarian is an animal doctor.
4—Every
7—one
8—shivers
9—and
10—freezes
11—and
14—tries
15—to
16—keep
17—warm.

Snow-bound, no school.

21—The weather grows no better fast.
24—Day after night at skating rink, Leone limps, Harry arrives at noon, so tired and sleepy.
28—Canned! An unexpected but welcome vacation.
29—Ditto.
30—Ditto.



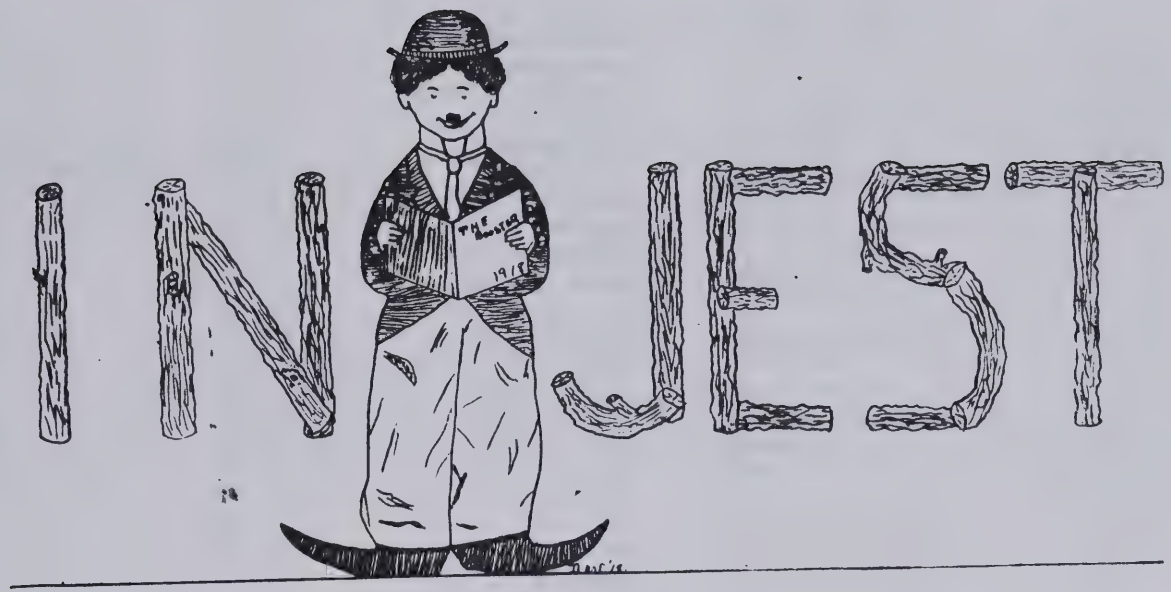
1—Same as January 30th.
4—Ditto.
5—Ditto.
6—Back at work, those who are not still snow-bound.
7—Delphia does cut her thumb nail off. Hurrah!
8—Another debate in English. Sophomores hold line, while Seniors make no advance.
11—When Shylock is janitor, what happens? Either have to wear our coats or open the windows to let warm spring air in.
13—Kryder takes a cat bath, on his neck.
14—Snow-shoes are not in style, but boats are.
18—Kryder absent. Seniors and some Juniors get a chance to play teacher.
19—Paul Houghton quits school.

Accidents Will Happen.

20—Kryder into the class room went
Sat on a chair, not broken, but badly bent,
He did not look, therefore did not see
And soon he lay where his feet ought to be.
He got right up, hauled the chair out the door,
Came back in, saw a couple pieces more.
To finish the scene, he kicked them against the wall,
Sat down as if nothing had happened at all.

24—Harold inquires what's the difference between "Karo" and "Crisco."
25—Geo. Dell writes a serious letter to St. Joe.
29—Harold in History test.— "Louis XX was hated more than any animal in jungles of Africa."

4—Kryder interviews the Juniors at noon, one by one. Why?
5—Everyone gets almost what Sherman said war was.
6—Freshies waiting for
7—a warm day so they can
8—go fishing.
12—Kryder says, "Yes, sometimes at the national conventions, they nominate "black" horses."
14—Dale bets that if it doesn't rain to-morrow, she will curl her hair to-night.
15—Leone and Jean talking at Leone's desk: Harry comes along. Leone—"You can go now, Jean," (very politely).
18—Henry accepts a new position at H. H. S.—he is now news reporter.
19—Kryder gives the Seniors some valuable information in Grammar class—about getting lessons. Thanks, Kryder.
20—Collarless day.
21—"Liberty" measles are the latest fad at H. H. S.


INQUEST

S. H. S. DIRECTORY

As We See It:		As Hoover Sees It:
Freshmen		
Classy Wop	C. W.	Chalked Water
Wistful Hunkie	W. W.	Work Hard
Waste Basket	W. B.	Weak Broth
Vicious Kicker	V. K.	Vegetables (Khanned
Orange Knot	O. K.	Cu'y Kraut
Endless Amusement?	E. A.	Eat'em Alive
Long-legged Granny	L. G.	Less Grease
Mighty Handy	M. H.	More Hash
Comical Toad	C. T.	Canned Tomatoes
Foolish Virgin	F. V.	Fresh Vegetables
Crazy Bat	C. B.	Corn Bread
Sophomores		
Little Rubbish	L. R.	Late Radishes
Little Shrimp	L. S.	Less Sugar
Big Head	B. H.	Baked Hominy
Merry Wiggler	M. W.	Mustn't Waste
Good Minding	G. M.	Graham Mush
Happy Batter	H. B.	Hog Braine
Lazy Hundreds?	E. H.	Eat Hardtack
Value Received?	V. R.	Very Rare
A Rube	A. R.	Always Read
Mama's Lady	M. L.	Minus Lard

Girl Dreamer	G. D.	Greaseless Doughnuts
Many Thanks	M. T.	More Turnips
(K)atch Thunder	K. T.	Keep Thankful
Earnest Brick	E. B.	Eat Berries
Juniors		
Long Worry	L. W.	Less Wheat
Ever Willing	E. W.	Eat Watermelon
Jolly Mug	J. M.	Just Mush
Loving (?) Bother	L. B.	Less Butter
Dumb Brute	D. B.	Dark Bread
Rough Blockhead	R. B.	Red Beans
Happy Medium	H. M.	Have Mercy
Past Hope	P. H.	Plenty o' Hoecake
Seniors		
Happy Hooligan	H. H.	Help Hoover
Wise Simp	W. S.	Watery Soup
Great Height?	G. H.	Ground Hog
Delightful Simpleton	D. S.	Do Save
Gawky Well-to-Do	G. W.	Graham Wafers
Dumb Critter	D. C.	Don't Complain
Faculty		
Foolish Kid	F. K.	Fruit (K)ake
Blamed Taskmaker	B. T.	Blood Turnips
Horrid Stuff	H. S.	Hot Soup

Force of Habit

Wild-eyed Aide-de-Camp—"General, the enemy is outside!"

General (just graduated from ranks of business)—"Tell him I'm busy. Ask him what he wants."

—o—

Miss Thornburg (in D Science class)—"Now, Mary, what is an egg?"

Mary—"An egg is a chicken not yet."

Kryder—"Harold, it was Mary who followed Edward the Sixth, wasn' it?"

Harold—"Yes, sir."

Kryder—"Who followed Mary?"

Harold—"Her little lamb."

Mary had a little lamb,
But how that lamb has grown!
Now Mary'd rather walk a mile
Than face that lamb alone.

Bang!!!

Teacher (to dull pupil)—"You should be ashamed of yourself! Why, at your age George Washington was a surveyor."

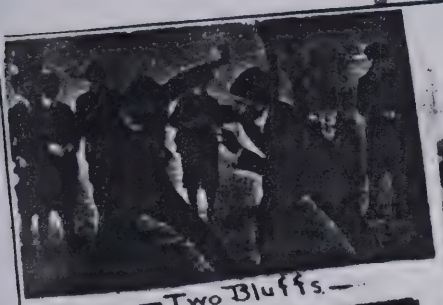
Pupil—"Yes, sir; and at your age he was president of the United States!"

—o—

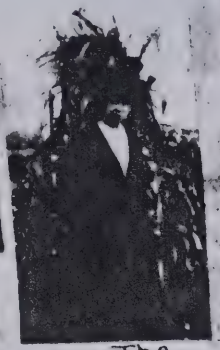
Kryder (in History III)—"Have we finished 'The Hohenzollerns' yet?"

Harry—"No, but we will before long."

High School Life



—Two Bluffs.—



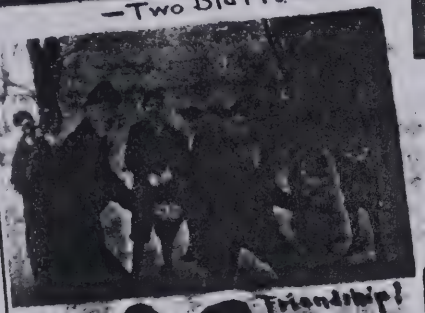
The Missing One!

A Hallowe'en Imp

Middy Girls

Seniors Five

—The Junior Party—



Four Generations.

Friendship!

The Twins

Caught in the Act.—

Chums.

While the sun shines

Make Hay

Is it safe?

Shipwrecked!

Let's Laugh!

Roughing it.

Smith (buying a dog)—"No, I don't care for that terrier; his legs are too short."

Dog Fancier—"You couldn't have 'em any longer, governor; they reach right down to the ground."

———o———

The cat settled herself in front of the stove and began to purr. Little Dolly, not used to the ways of cats, regarded her with horror. "Oh, mama! The cat's begun to boil!"

———o———

"When I was a boy," said the gray-haired physician, "I wanted to be a soldier, but my parents persuaded me to become a physician."

"Oh, well," rejoined the sympathetic druggist, "such is life! Many a man with wholesale aspirations has to content himself with a retail business."

———o———

From what we have observed, the life of a dentist seems to be just a daily grind.

———o———

An Installment

It was on a Broadway street car. A passenger stooped and picked up a coin; three of the passengers eyed him with envy.

He said, "Which of you people dropped a five-dollar gold piece?"

"I did!" yelled all three.

"Well, here's a nickel of it," he said to the nearest man.

———o———

Don't fancy that the man you refused looks back on you ruefully as a lost opportunity; he is much more apt to think of you now as a narrow escape.

An Irishman and a Scot were arguing as to the merits of their respective countries. "Ah, weel," said Sandy, "they toor down an auld castle in Scotland and found many wires under it, which shows that the telegraph was known there hundreds of years ago."

"Well," said Pat, "they toor down an ould castle in Oireland, and there was no wires found under it, which shows that they knew all about wireless telegraphy in Oireland hundreds av years ago."

———o———

"Go to father," she said, when I asked her
to wed,
And she knew that I knew that her father
was dead,
And she knew that I knew what a life he
had led,
And she knew that I knew what she meant
when she said:
"Go to father!"

———o———

"I say, doctor, did you ever doctor another doctor?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, tell me this: Does a doctor doctor a doctor the way the doctored doctor wants to be doctored, or does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor in his own way?"

———o———

Once a man could surmise just what a girl would look like at fifty by glancing at her mother, but nowadays it is hard for any lover to believe that a girl will ever look as young as her mother does.

A man called Jones had the misfo
to get in the way of an automobile
by a lady. He was taken to a hospital
his injuries were not serious, so he
immediately removed to the police
where his assailant was being held,
as soon as Jones got there the lady star
in to impress him with the fact that
blame for the accident was all his. "
know, Mr. Jones," she said, "you m
have been walking very carelessly. I a
a very careful driver. I have been driving
a car for seven years." "You've got nothi
on me, ma'am," said Jones, politely.
been walking for thirty-four years."

———o———

The magistrate was examining a wit
to whom he remarked:

"You admit you overheard the quarrel between the defendant and his wife?"

"Yis, sor, I do," stoutly maintained t
witness.

"Tell the court, if you can, what he seemed to be doing."

"He seemed to be doin' the listenin'."

———o———

A lady came in the other day and asked for a certain brand of talcum powder.

After hesitating a moment, she asked, "How many packages have you left?"

"Nine," said I.

"I believe I'll just take them all, as I see in the papers that the Germans are blowing up all the powder factories."

———o———

All men are called once, but most of them turn over and go to sleep again.

GEOG
RAPHY
ESKIMOS

AN APPRECIATION

We hereby wish to thank those who have supported the Spencerville High School in its effort to make this paper a success. We are especially grateful to those advertisers whose generous patronage has made this book possible, and we ask that our readers support these firms.

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For Men and Young Men—Twenty Dollars to Forty Dollars

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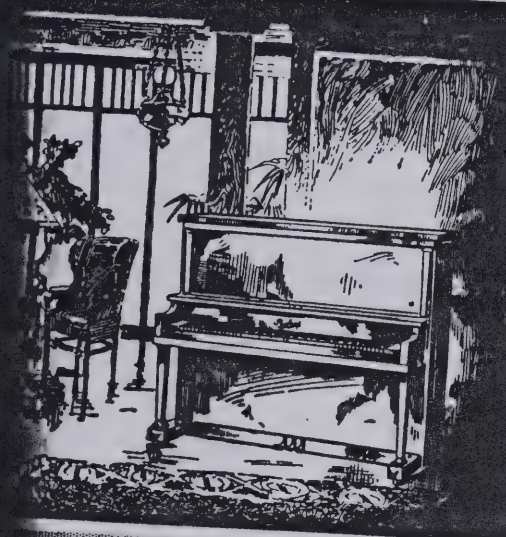

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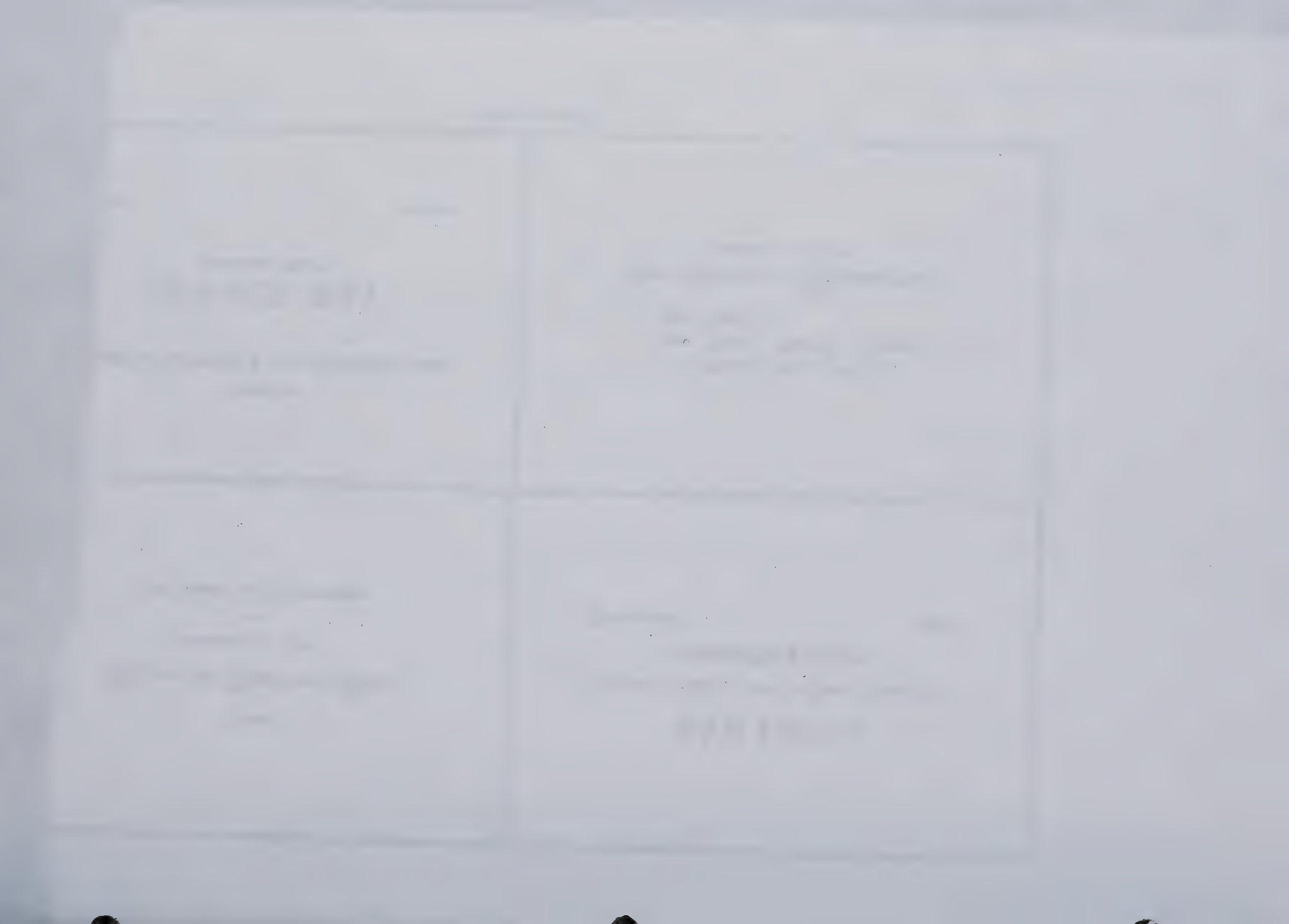

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Patronize your Home Dealers and Boost your Community

By Buying at Home you save freight, avoid delays in shipment, and get better goods at the Right Prices.

ASK - YOUR - DEALER - FOR - BUTLER - GOODS

A Butler Double Gear Wind Mill with Oilless Bearings

Is the Best for pumping water. Strong, durable, economical and satisfactory. Takes care of itself automatically. Lasts longest. Cheapest to use: costs only one-fourth as much to pump water with a wind mill as it does with an engine.

Galvanized Steel Tanks and Troughs in all shapes and sizes for every purpose at right prices.

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Butler Pumps

For every place
All Kinds

Also Pump Jacks
Feed Cookers
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The Butler Co.

BUTLER, INDIANA

Satisfied Customers

They are Readers of the

DeKalb News

And Know Where to Go for

GOOD JOB PRINTING

DeKalb Printing Co.
Auburn

John C. Lochner
Manager

Your father, mother, husband, wife
or child deserve to have their memory
kept alive. If you want the best see

THE MADDEN GRANITE WORKS
AUBURN, INDIANA

Two brothers were saying their prayers before going to bed. George inclined to tease Philip, who was still praying. Philip, becoming angry, exclaimed:

"Please, God, excuse me until I knock the stiffin's out of George!"

———o———

Mother (looking over her boy's shoulder)—"Your spelling is perfectly terrible."

Little Son—"This isn't a spellin' lesson; it's a composition."

———o———

A lady entered Jack Beam's store the other day and inquired for colored hose. Mr. Beams replied, rather decidedly, "We have plenty of hoes, but I don't know whether the handles are painted or not."

———o———

Visitor—"You remember me, don't you, little man?"

Bobbie—"Of course I do! You're the same man pa brought home last summer, an' ma got so mad about it she didn't speak to pa for a whole week."

———o———

"Well, how many orders did you get yesterday?"

"I got two orders in one place."

"That's the stuff! What were they?"

"One was to get out, and the other was to stay out."

———o———

Mary—"Who is the strongest man you ever saw?"

Edith—"The one I saw pull up the river yesterday."

A Ford

Vernon Kline, driver of a fliver, speeded out of a cross street and struck a large motor truck square in the middle. The truck driver stopped and came around to where Vernon was, and said, "What's the matter with you; don't you know you can't run under my truck with your top up?"

———o———

George Doll ought to have a "Webster" in his hip pocket when he writes to Melba Andress, because it may prove "serious" if he don't.

———o———

Get a Teacher

Mr. Krydr (in Physical Geography)—"A river has a head and a mouth, but no feet, while a mountain only has one foot and many ears."

A giggle ran through the class, and Mr. Kryder, somewhat embarrassed, said:

"Oh, yes, it has. Why, haven't you ever heard of mountaineers?"

———o———

Up in the Air

Leone—"Do you know, Harry, you sometimes put me in mind of an aeroplane?"

Harry—"How's that, Leone?"

Leone—"Because you are no good on earth."

———o———

Worth Knowing

Paul H.—"What made the tower of Pisa lean?"

Widdy—"By heck! I wish I knew; I'd like to try it!"

A small boy saw some young puppies at the dog dealer's.

"Oh, Mr. Brown!" he asked the man, "how much do you want for these little pies?"

"They're $3 apiece, Master Beverly."

"Oh, but I don't want a piece; I want a whole dog."

———o———

Frmer's Boy—"Father, kin I go to the circus tonight with Hiram Homespun?"

Farmer—"Naw. 'Taint more'n a month sence you went t' th' top o' th' hill t' see the eclipse of the moon. 'Pears t' me you wanter be on the go all the hull time."

———o———

Verna—"I see that they are going to have all the umbrellas made square after this."

George—"Why so?"

Verna—"Because it isn't safe to have them (a)round."

———o———

The doctor said, as he bent over the patient, "I don't quite like your heart action." Then, as he again applied the stethoscope, he added, "You have, I take it, had some trouble with angina pectoris?"

"Well, doc," said the young man, rather sheepishly, "you're partly right; only that ain't her name."

———o———

Correct

Leone—"Eva, your fellow comes to see you pretty often, doesn't he?"

Eva—"Well, I don't know; he doesn't come any oftener than he goes home."

Swindled

enry Beams wants something terrible
to the people who don't do as they
. He says he saw a sign in a store
in St. Joe which read: "Buy
agan's Rubber Heels, 50c Attached."
air, but found no half dollar at-
to this day he believes he has
swindled.

—o—

nehow, it allers wuz amazin' to me
a girl stuffin' herself in an ice
.or. How she could hold so much
bustin' was a sort of a mystery
happened to recollect the old 'rith-
, that says, "1 gal.—4 qts."

—o—

udge—"Have you any witness on this
cken case, Sam?"
am—"No, sah; I nevah has any witnesses
n I steals chickens."

—o—

It Croaked

like—"Say, Shylock, over in Africa there
beautiful bird with large wings, but
an't fly."
arry H.—"Why can't it fly?"
"Al[illegible]emnly)—"Because it is dead."

Often Down

Eva (to soldier in Alabama)—"Did you go in for aviation?"

He replied, "No, not for aviation. One goes in for bathing, but for aviation one goes up."

—o—

She Stayed

Mrs. A.—"And so you say you kept that cook a whole month?"

Mrs. B.—"Yes; you see, we lived on a house boat and she couldn't swim, and so you see, she stayed."

—o—

Jean—"Did your watch stop when it dropped on the floor?"

Miss Thornburg—"Why sure! Did you suppose it would go on through?"

—o—

Naturally

Miss Thornburg—"Can you imagine anything worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?"

Roy Bowser—"Yes, I can."

Miss Thornburg—"For land's sake, what is it?"

Roy—"A centipede with corns."

Would Have Died Instantly

"Gentlemen of the jury," exclaimed the attorney on a damage suit, "if the train had been running as slow as it should have ran; if the bell had been rung as it ought to have been rang; and the whistle had been blown as it ought to have been blown, none of which was done, the cow would not have been injured when she was killed."

—o—

Sure Weather Sign

When the rooster crows at sunrise,
In that strident tone of his,
Then the weather either changes
Or stays just as it is.

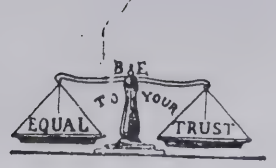
—o—

Some of the Freshie and Sophomore boys seem to have "amo" down pat. Watch and see.

—o—

"Daughter," said the father, "your young man Rawlins stays until a very late hour. Has not your mother said something to you about this habit of his?"

"Yes, father," replied the daughter, sweetly, "Mother says men haven't altered a bit."



Where the Money Came From

"Dad," said the young medical graduate, "in your two weeks' absence I managed to cure Mrs. Spud of her indigestion."

"My boy," said the doctor, "I'm proud of you, of course, but Mrs. Spud's indigestion was what put you through medical college."

———o———

Hard Work

Aviator—"Yes, it took me about six months hard work learning to drive an aeroplane."

Pretty Miss—"And now what have you got for your pains?"

Aviator—"Arnica and Sloan's liniment."

———o———

Does a stone walk because a tomato can?

———o———

Junior—"Did you ever see a barn dance?"

Sophomore—"No, but I have seen a cake walk."

———o———

Small Boy—"Pop, what is the board of education?"

Father—"My son, when I was going to school it was generally a pine shingle."

Some Difference

A German and an American were standing on a street corner, discussing their "power of singing their patriotic hymns. The American said to the German, "How long could you sing one of your songs?" The German said, "I coult sing 'Der Watch on der Rhine' today, and all tomorrow night." "That's nothing," replied the American quickly, "I could sing 'The Stars and Stripes Forever.'" The German walked away, with a look of amazement on his face.

———o———

Judge—"Mr. Johnson, you are charged with accepting money for voting for Mr. Rott."

Rastus—"Well — uh — good land, jedge! You wouldn't 'spect an honest culled man to vote for Mr. Rott less'n he got paid fo' it, would you?"

———o———

Preparedness

Jean—"I see the American troops in France are going to use ready-made trenches."

Harold—"Why, who made them?"

Jean—"The German army."

We're All It

A little Freshie's Sunday school teacher after a lesson on Ananias and Sapphira, said, "Why is not everybody who tells a lie struck dead?"

The Freshie prompetly replied, "'Caus they wouldn't be anybody left."

———o———

Bad Boys

We all sincerely hope the Freshman and Sophomore boys will get rid of the habit of talking about some "little pretty baby" in St. Joe or elsewhere, because it may prove disastrous if the S. H. S. girls find it out.

———o———

Some Noise

Junior—"What's that noise in the classroom?"

Senior—"Why, that's the Freshie and Sophomore boys talking about their 'pretty babies' in St. Joe."

———o———

In England a king may reign at eighteen, but not marry until he is twenty-five, which shows how much easier it is to rule a kingdom than a wife.

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